

THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844

BY E. LITTELL

Published under the auspices of
the Atlantic Monthly

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1924

CONTENTS

A Week of the World	517
Six Months of Labor Government — German Sentiment and the Dawes Report — An Unpopular Treaty — Argentine Problems — Labor and Unemployment in Japan — American Oil Men in Italy — The Unpolitical Persians	
Ten Years Looking Backward	
I. When Britain Went to War	523
II. How Revolution Came to Russia	ARTHUR RANSOME 533
A Guidebook of the 'Forties	JAKOB CAHN 540
Animal Neighbors in Africa. IV	RUDOLF REQUADT 543
Two Tales	I. A. WILLIAMS 548
Joseph Conrad — a Modern Ulysses	MUIRHEAD BONE 551
Compulsory Gaelic	WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS 554
<i>A Dialogue on Linguistic Resurrection</i>	
How the Germ Grows Up	JULIAN S. HUXLEY 560
A Page of Verse	562
Song for a Traveler — Lines — Shadow Thy Dream	
Life, Letters, and the Arts	563
Mapping Northern Greenland — Summer Opera — Raising Caligula's Gallies — A New Game — Another Hamlet — Pajamas and the Yugoslav	
Books Abroad	567
Poems — Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Hungary — The Awakening of Italy: The Fascista Regeneration — Tamplin's Tales of His Family — Picasso — Books Mentioned	

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

PUBLICATION OFFICE: RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N.H.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 8 ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON 17, MASS.

\$5.00 a Year

15c a Copy

Entered as second-class mail matter at Concord, N.H.
Foreign Postage, \$1.50; Canadian Postage, 50c

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT



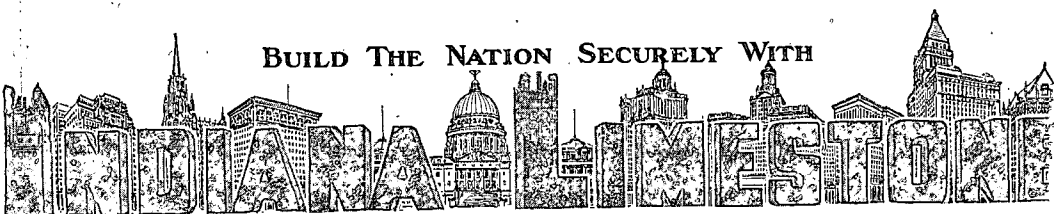
Send for Our New Booklet of Beautiful Indiana Limestone Homes

IT SHOWS illustrations of some of the finest city and suburban residences in this country, for the exteriors of which Indiana Limestone has been used. A perusal of it will leave no doubt in your mind that for homes which are conspicuous in their communities for their great beauty, dignity and character, Indiana Limestone surpasses all other building materials. We will be glad to send you this booklet free upon request. You will find it interesting and instructive. It contains valuable suggestions if you are planning to build. Address Indiana Limestone Quarrymen's Association, Box 797, Bedford, Ind.



The Pyramids remain today as permanent evidence that limestone is the world's most enduring building material.

BUILD THE NATION SECURELY WITH



The NATION'S BUILDING STONE

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THIS WEEK

BACK to Normalcy Week is being celebrated by a long description of how England went to war. The material is drawn chiefly from Mrs. Asquith's diaries, the novels of Messrs. Hutchinson and Wells, and the letters of our own star-spangled Britisher, Walter H. Page.

★ ★ ★

The first Baedeker was translated into English the same year that Mr. Eliakim Littell published the first copy of the *Living Age*. Though of course on a far lower intellectual plane, this ancient guidebook abounds in as many quaint fancies as the early numbers of its venerable contemporary.

★ ★ ★

Trotskii has written a new book. *Concerning Lenin* he modestly calls it, although the author figures on almost every page. In it he recalls how he and his fallen chief used to be buddies back in the old Smolny Institute days and how they between them put across the Revolution of the Proletariat. All of which goes

to show that you can't be too rough on Reds.

★ ★ ★

Rudolph Requadt goes in for a little monkey-business this week, telling how he hunted our alleged ancestors in the African forests. He caught a mother monkey, but the cries of her infant were so heart-rending that she was released.

★ ★ ★

Admirers of Conrad will admire Muirhead Bone's admiring sketch of the great Polish genius who revealed his taste and nationality in preferring Anatole France to the Russians. Mr. Bone crossed on the same ship with Conrad on his recent visit to the United States and called him a true king of men.

★ ★ ★

'The poet William Butler Yeats,' to quote one of the Nobel Prize winner's mightiest lines, has written a little play on the fascinating subject of compulsory Gaelic. Peter and Paul argue about it and about and can only agree on one thing: that the fence-straddlingscholar, Timothy, is wrong.

A New West Opens South of Us

By F. J. Lisman

THAT the wonderful pioneering and enterprising spirit of America is still questing new worlds to develop is just now remarkably in evidence with the increasing attention that is being turned particularly to the Central American Republics since the Panama Canal brought us more closely into neighborly relations with those sturdy communities.

As we have come into closer contact with these countries and observed the wonderful heritage with which nature has endowed them, we are realizing that here lies another West, just like our own great trans-Mississippi country of sixty years ago, that promises no less a development than our own West during the next half century.

These truly North American countries to the south of us, in the low latitudes generally called the tropics, easily grow all the products of the temperate zone. They offer the same opportunities as the West did about fifty years ago for the application of energy, courage and vision with the certainty of reward in the way of wealth and great accomplishments achieved.

The Central American states contemporaneously with Greece and Rome enjoyed a high state of civilization more than 2,000 years ago, which in spite of time still lingers as a cultural basis of national character and aspiration. Remnants of those days are now being discovered and deciphered by archaeologists. The eclipse of this civilization is presumed to have been caused by some epidemic which carried

off the bulk of a large population. This scourge may have been yellow fever, or something like the black pest which came near wiping out the population of Europe less than one thousand years ago. With the building of the Panama Canal modern sanitation has developed which is freeing these countries from the unhealthful conditions that for so long hampered their progress.

Guatemala, the country nearest to the United States, ranges in altitude all the way from sea level to about 14,000 feet, or nearly as high as Pike's Peak, with an average elevation of probably 5,000 feet. This country has a dependable rainfall and supplies an ideal climate for the white race. The temperature varies from 50-85, with cool nights all the year around.

The present products of the country are those most easily extracted from the soil, that is coffee and cocoa, at an altitude from 4,000 to 6,000 feet. In the section with an altitude of 8,000 or more, wheat, rye, barley, apples and peaches are produced, while in the low lands, bananas, sugar and rice are raised. Most everything else, however, that can be extracted from the soil, can be produced. There has been successful planting of cotton, rubber and sisal-grass and oil-producing nuts.

It is interesting to note that the men who had the vision to see the future of California similarly saw the future of Central America. This was C. P. Huntington, who built the Southern Pacific. He also built the railroad from the Pacific Coast to the capital of Guatemala,

a distance of only 75 miles, in which the railroad ascends 5,000 feet. Huntington, it now appears built better than he knew, for the International Railways of Central America, with lines now building, provide a direct line from Puerto Barrios on the Atlantic side of Guatemala to the Bay of Fonseca, on the Pacific side of Salvador, thus playing an important part in American defensive problems. This line is the shortest from New Orleans to the proposed United States naval base at the Bay of Fonseca, a vital and strategic base on the Pacific Coast between the Panama Canal and Hawaii and our own Pacific Coast.

Other great pioneers saw the same situation and further expanded Mr. Huntington's plans. These men were Sir Wm. Van Horne, the creator of the Canadian Pacific, and Miner C. Keith, the man who created the United Fruit Company. They built a railroad from Guatemala to an Atlantic port and also furnished the Republic of Salvador with railroad facilities. Judging by the normal course of human events the masses will soon discover what these great men visualized much earlier.

Our means of communication with these countries are increasing rapidly. Firstly, by the construction of the railroad; secondly, by greatly increased number of steamers and thirdly, by aëroplane.

The banker, whose vision generally follows that of the builder, but precedes that of the public, has discovered this

country, and American capital is being invested there. Soon there will follow the planter, miner, manufacturer and merchant, to be followed by the trained mechanic and specialist in the various trades and professions. Our capital and our people going to these countries for their legitimate development are welcomed by the native population and their officials, though the adventurer and concession hunter is abhorred there, the same as elsewhere.

Labor in these countries is plentiful and the cost of living correspondingly low. American enterprise and employment will lift this standard of living with a concomitant lifting of the standard of hygiene, education, etc. This will mean not only more business for our manufacturers and employment for labor, whose wages are diffused through all channels of trade, but it will mean a broadening of our interests.

The peaceful development of these countries is certain to come within the next twenty-five years. Our trade with Cuba has increased more than tenfold in twenty-five years and Central America is richer, with a more varied climate and should expand much more rapidly. This should and will not mean American imperialism, because we do not covet the political dominance of these countries, but it should mean the mutual appreciation of the good qualities of the two different races and a development of opportunities that must be to very great mutual advantage.

International Railways of Central America

New Atlantic Books

"LOUDER PLEASE!"

By EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

SOME thirty years ago Earnest Elmo Calkins came to New York, friendless, penniless, and deaf; he is now at the head of his profession. His story is told in this book, and a more human, fascinating, humorous, and at times pathetic autobiography has not been published.

Illustrated, 260 pages, blue cloth, \$2.50

THE ACTOR'S HERITAGE

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

A BOOK of keen interest to all lovers of the theatre, containing choice bits of ancient gossip about the theatrical figures of the early English and American stage. It is also a vivid study of the development of the theatre in America, from the earliest strolling players to such modern stars as E. H. Sothern, Jane Cowl, and Frank Craven. Among the subjects are "A Theatrical Lion on Beacon Street," "Our Comedy of Bad Manners," and "Legs in Grandpa's Day."

Profusely illustrated, 304 pages, tan boards, gilt top, \$4.00

THE GALLANTS

By E. BARRINGTON, *Author of The Divine Lady*

Where none admire, 't is useless to excel,

Where none are beaux, 't is vain to be a belle

AND so E. Barrington, who loves to interpret the most elusive personalities of past centuries, has written this companion volume for "*The Ladies!*" With the same delightful mixture of fact and fancy, the mystery of favorite Old World heroes is revealed. It is a book of princely scheming and kingcraft games — a brilliant picture of the most romantic life-dramas of bygone times.

Illustrated with reproductions of old and beautiful portraits, 308 pages, blue cloth, gilt top, \$3.50

The ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

- Boston

An Opportunity

From week to week, the *Living Age* keeps its readers in touch with contemporary thought and achievement all over the world. Why not make quite sure of seeing it regularly?

THE LIVING AGE

Rumford Building, Concord, N. H., or 8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find *\$5.00 for my subscription to the LIVING AGE for one year beginning

.....
Name

Address City

*Foreign postage \$1.50 extra; Canadian postage 50c extra

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 322 — SEPTEMBER 13, 1924 — NO. 4184



A WEEK OF THE WORLD

SIX MONTHS OF LABOR GOVERNMENT

THE conclusion of the first half-year of Mr. MacDonald's Premiership was the occasion of a political stocktaking in the British press. Mr. J. A. Spender, writing in the Liberal *Westminster Gazette*, criticized the Cabinet's work as 'tritely imperialistic on one side and mildly radical on the other,' and believed the Labor Members had gone for their holidays dispirited and disillusioned. The *Observer* said: 'On the whole Labor has gained in the country since it took office, less, however, for its own merits than for the apparent helplessness of Liberalism.' The Tory *Morning Post* concluded noncommittally that the first Parliamentary Session with Labor in power had been 'rich in interest and instruction.' The *Times* declared that during its six months of power the Labor Government had 'sometimes impressed the public with its moderation,' but had ended with a remarkable exhibition of confused and dubious policy' — that is, when it signed the treaty with the Soviet Government. A contributor to

the *Fortnightly Review* considered it 'surprising how soon the country has reconciled itself to an event which had something unprecedented in it, if not actually revolutionary.'

The twenty-fourth Annual Conference of the Labor Party, which will open in London on October 7, promises to be a lively meeting if debates are as spirited as the agenda. To cite one example, eight separate motions have been filed condemning the wearing of Court dress by Labor Ministers as 'ridiculous,' 'harmful,' 'foolish,' and making an undignified appeal to the average citizen's sense of humor. The East Ham Trades Council and Labor Party advises the Labor Members in the Cabinet to dress in a way 'sufficiently consistent and becoming to enable a constituent to recognize his representative.' Several of the resolutions are designed to give the Labor Party Conference direct and continuous control over a Labor Cabinet. One resolution declares that no Labor premier should appoint to Cabinet rank a person who is not a member of the Labor Party, and that all Cabinet ap-

Copyright 1924, by the Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pointments ought to be submitted to the Parliamentary Party for ratification.



GERMAN SENTIMENT AND THE DAWES REPORT

A SPECIAL representative of *Le Temps* informs the readers of that journal that 'Mr. Hughes's visit to Berlin left no doubt in the minds of the Germans as to the necessity of fulfilling the conditions laid down by the American bankers in respect to the German loan. The Americans insist that Germany accept the obligations contained in the Dawes Report and renounce, once for all, attempts to evade her engagements.'

According to this correspondent, the people of Germany have been told so often that their Government has already paid forty billion marks for Reparations that they place little trust in any new scheme presented to them. 'Rightly or wrongly, the masses have no faith in financial complexities and economic proposals; these are too involved, too remote, to hypothetical. The people with whom I have talked take no interest in a gold bank, deliveries in kind, or the problem of transferring the sums raised by Germany to the Allies. All they think of are the millions of gold that are to be advanced to Germany so that she can recover, and can repair the "injustices inflicted upon her by the Allies since the Armistice." They mean by the latter principally the occupation of the Ruhr, and they are more deeply interested in ending that than in anything else.' In his opinion 'the tenth anniversary of the war was not observed by a repentant nation resigned to indemnifying its adversaries for the devastation and suffering it inflicted upon them. Quite the contrary. A great majority of the people rebel even against the diminished sacrifices now demanded of them.'

AN UNPOPULAR TREATY

SELDOM has the British press — particularly those weekly organs of opinion that reflect the sentiment of the thinking part of the nation — so unanimously disapproved an act of the Government as it has the Russian treaty. Even *The Nation and the Athenæum*, which is more complacent than many of its contemporaries toward Moscow, condemns the proposal to guarantee a loan to the Soviet Government as 'a false step which the House of Commons ought not, in our judgment, to endorse.' Not only is the proposal bad in itself, but it leads to something worse.

In offering to guarantee a loan to Russia as part of a diplomatic bargain, the Government is establishing a vicious and dangerous precedent. How can we resist, if this treaty is ratified, the French claim that the British Government should also guarantee the international loan which is to set the Dawes Report in operation? If this treaty had been signed a few weeks earlier, would the intervention of the bankers in the 'sanctions' controversy have produced the effect it did in bringing the diplomatists to a sense of international fair-dealing? The precedent is not one which the House of Commons should endorse.

The *Spectator* accuses the British Government of having experimented in succession with each of the only three possible attitudes it could adopt toward Russia: war under Mr. Winston Churchill, boycott under Lord Curzon, and recognition under Mr. MacDonald. It apologizes for the last policy, 'hazardous and doubtful as it undoubtedly is,' because 'even if you ignore Russia, it does not follow that Russia will ignore you.' It comforts itself for a treaty for which it 'cannot feel much enthusiasm' with the thought that probably 'most of its essential provisions will never come into practical operation.'

The Tory *Saturday Review* lives up to its traditional doctrines in calling the treaty 'preposterous,' and says it surrenders every British interest, whether the bondholders', the traders', the shipowners', or the fishermen's. The *Outlook* speaks of the agreement as 'The Anglo-Russian Farce.' It

pretends that there is no real divergence of principle and practice between the Soviet system and our own. But every man knows that there is such a divergence; that it goes down to the roots of the social fabric, and that it cannot be overcome by a form of words or even by throwing good money after bad. The treaty, in fact, is an essay in make-believe, and all such attempts to evade or disguise the real truth of a situation have sooner or later to be paid for.

The *New Statesman*, while it would welcome the idea of lending money to Russia to reconstruct her industrial life, condemns the present proposal, because

the greater part of the loan will go into the pockets of the bondholders at the expense of the British taxpayer, who will have to find interest and sinking fund. In short, Mr. Ponsonby is asking us to pay Russia's debts for her. . . .

There are some who think that any treaty — even if it be almost meaningless — is better than no treaty at all. They regard the signing of an agreement as, at any rate, a valuable gesture, if nothing more. To some extent we understand and sympathize with that point of view. It was certainly undesirable that M. Rakovsky should be sent back to Russia empty-handed. But whatever may be the advantages of such a gesture, we believe that they are very dearly purchased when the price, as in this case, involves the honor of the British Government and prejudices its reputation for practical common-sense.

Nothing can come of this treaty as it stands. It is mere window-dressing. The Russian and British delegates did not reach an agreement; they merely pretended to do so in order to save their faces, signing a document which they knew would not

commit anyone to anything; and we find it very hard to believe that any good can come out of pretenses of that sort.

The *Outlook* refuses to believe that the King's name was omitted from the treaty for the reason given by the Government: that no corresponding head of the executive existed in Russia. It adds: 'If the Trade Agreement of 1921 with the "Union of the Soviet Republics" could be drawn in the name of His Britannic Majesty, why could not the present instrument?' It suggests a deeper reason for the omission. The Dominions could not be counted upon to endorse its extraordinary proposals and therefore they are not committed to it even by the rather shadowy tie of the Crown. This is criticized as 'a definite movement toward the diplomatic disintegration of the Empire.'



ARGENTINE PROBLEMS

DR. ALBERT HAAS, the Buenos Aires correspondent of *Vossische Zeitung*, sees a new era opening in Argentine politics. The party controversies of the past have been based largely on historical sympathies and antipathies — what the mass of the people dismiss with a shrug of the shoulder as *politica criolla*; but during and since the war Argentina, like our own country, has found herself influenced by world conditions that affect directly both her public policies and her economic welfare. Even what are generally considered domestic issues ramify into the foreign field.

Among the most important questions with which Congress must deal at the coming session are immigration and colonization. The country's wealth is drawn almost entirely from agriculture and grazing, and the former in particular demands labor. One task of the Government is to attract farm hands from abroad, instead of the city workers who are coming at present. But

the chief reason why immigrants shun the land is that Argentina offers a poor man little prospect of acquiring a farm of his own. Our old saying, 'Uncle Sam is rich enough to give every man a farm,' has never — at least not within many decades — been true in that country, nor has its Government sought to build up a population of small independent landowners. Great *estancias* — like the immense ranches of early California and Texas — have always monopolized the more accessible territory.

Now the Government is trying to introduce a new system which looks toward closer settlement and the subdivision of large estates. It may find useful precedents for this in the legislation of Australia and especially of New Zealand.

But land and immigration are by no means the only topics that preoccupy President Alvear and his Cabinet. Currency, banking, and public finance also call for legislative attention. Manufacturing industries were encouraged by the war and now demand tariff protection. A demand has also arisen for civil-service reforms that will do away with the spoils system in public office.



LABOR AND UNEMPLOYMENT IN JAPAN

A CONTRIBUTOR to *The Nation and the Athenæum* thus explains the fact that during the recent serious industrial depression in Japan the number of unemployed did not exceed 100,000, or about five per cent of the industrial wage-earners of the country: —

The domestic demand for commodities has been remarkably strong, and in spite of the slump in the world's international trade the internal trade of Japan has flourished. The reason for this, it may be suggested, is due largely to certain peculiarities of her social organization. It is gener-

ally stated that the aim of the leaders of modern Japan has been to graft the industrial and commercial organization of the West on to a patriarchal Eastern society, since in this way the country might secure all the advantages accruing to the service of Mammon together with those arising from a faithful observance of the tradition of the Elders. One result has been that an economic system, which was the product of an individualistic society, has been worked by a nation in which the family group rather than the individual has been — and still remains — the social unit. Nowadays it is generally declared that this organization is breaking down before the rising tide of Americanism; but it is not so generally recognized that its approaching destruction is not entirely a matter for congratulation, for the family system carries with it advantages which are by no means to be despised.

The operation of the family system, which makes the whole group responsible for the welfare of all of its own members, was favorably illustrated at the time of the late earthquake, when a great deal of want and suffering was prevented by the support given the destitute by their more fortunate relatives in regions not directly affected by the disaster.

Another interesting example of this is the custom of giving large dismissal allowances to workers on their discharge, a practice which has resulted in the shipbuilding industry in particular paying out enormous sums during the last few years. This has helped to prevent distress among the workers and, by placing on each firm to some extent the burden of its own unemployed, it has achieved the end of Insurance by Industry schemes, except for the fact that the allowance paid by a company is not fixed definitely, but depends on the circumstances of the time and on its attitude to its workpeople.

Furthermore in Japan that modest conveyance, the bicycle, like the automobile in the United States, has increased the mobility of labor, especially

between the country and industrial centres.

In many districts of Japan, also, there is a tendency for labor to flow backward and forward between industrial and agricultural employments. In this connection the introduction of the bicycle, now one of the chief means of transport in this country, has been of utmost importance, since it enables members of agricultural families to ride into the towns to their work in the morning and to return to the farms in the evening, and it has caused something of a revolution in the life of farming communities. During the boom thousands of farmers' sons sought industrial employment in the towns, but during the slump have returned to agricultural work and domestic industry with their families.

*

AMERICAN OIL MEN IN ITALY

THE concession to prospect for oil granted by the Italian Government to the Sinclair Company is commented upon in the June Report of the General Confederation of Italian Industries. Italian companies have not been able to provide sufficient capital, and have lacked the technical knowledge to determine conclusively the value of Italy's hypothetical oil deposits.

For these reasons the Government has decided to grant to the Sinclair Company the right to explore the subsoil in Emilia and Sicily, while reserving in those districts an area of some 40,000 hectares already assigned to Italian undertakings. The agreement with the Sinclair Company provides for three stages in the work: the first three years will be used for study, the next three for investigation, and during the ensuing four actual exploration of the subsoil will be made. During the first period the Sinclair Company undertakes to expend no less than five million lire on the preliminary work. Should these studies decide the Company to sink shafts in certain zones, it will form an Italian company for this purpose with a share capital of not less than forty million lire, of which forty per cent

will be placed on the market for Italian subscribers. During the ensuing three years the Company is pledged to an annual expenditure of eight million lire on actual soundings. Thus by the end of the sixth year the Company will have invested in the enterprise a total sum of twenty-nine million lire.

This will be followed by a third period extending over four years, during which the Company undertakes to put into full working efficiency, at an outlay of \$12,500 per unit, each unit of 1000 hectares it decides to take up. Meanwhile it will abandon all claims to zones shown to be unproductive. At the close of the ten years the Sinclair Company will be entitled to concessions covering an area not to exceed 75,000 hectares. The total capital outlay for the whole ten-year period will amount, if the investigations give favorable results, to 104,000,000 lire. The concessions will cover the output and handling of mineral oils, gas, and their respective hydrocarbides, but do not apply to asphaltic schist. The concession will be for fifty years.

The Italian Government will exempt from customs duties machinery imported by the Company, provided such machinery cannot be supplied by Italian factories, and it exempts the profits of the Company from income tax (*ricchezza mobile*) for a period of ten years. On its side the Government is entitled to a percentage on all dividends exceeding seven per cent, up to a maximum of forty per cent on its quota of dividends amounting to forty-five per cent and over.

*

THE UNPOLITICAL PERSIANS

PERSIA has just been in the public eye as an unsafe place of residence for foreigners. But the prejudices of the Persian against the alien are religious rather than political. The upper classes, according to the Teheran correspondent of the *Times*, 'are not as a rule patriotic,' and the lower middle classes — that is, townspeople engaged mainly in commerce and handicrafts — 'take no interest in public affairs. . . .

They have practically no knowledge of foreign politics.' But these two classes represent a very small fraction of the population. Coming to the plebs: —

The lower orders, both in the large towns and in the provinces, do what they are paid for and care for little else. The Persian landowner or employer who treats his men well can within limits depend upon them to assist in any demonstration he sees fit to organize. Two years ago, on the a rival in Teheran of two 'religious,' who had been sent back to Persia from Irak for meddling in politics, a public reception was organized. Crowds were brought from the city in cars and carriages to meet these divines, and they were escorted to their homes with cries of 'Down with Lloyd George' and 'Down with Lord Curzon.' It is certain that the vast majority of the people who indulged in the shouting had not the faintest idea who it was they were holding up to execration. They were simply obeying instructions.

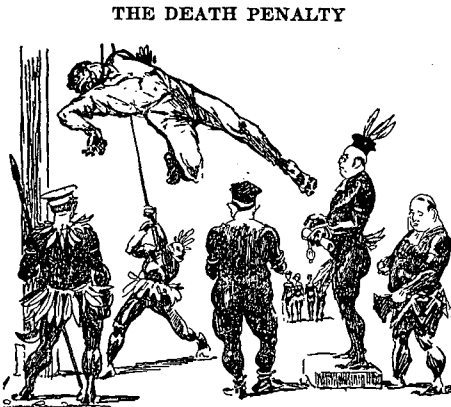
The Persian press enjoys extraordinary liberty. Apparently there are no laws regulating it, and since most newspapers are subsidized by officials or powerful aspirants for official posts, they can publish violently abusive articles with impunity. But such at-

tacks seldom disturb the equanimity of those against whom they are directed, because they are regarded as part of the game.

Some time ago a long article appeared in a Teheran journal which dealt with various offenses supposed to have been committed by a British Consul-General. He was accused of having caused a famine by cornering grain and then instituting relief works so as to regain the lost regard of the province. 'Thousands of unfortunates perished,' wrote the author of this effusion; 'but what did that matter to the Consul-General? His object was gained.' When asked why he published such nonsense, the editor replied that he had to live, and the articles had been well paid for. He pooh-poohed the suggestion that perhaps some readers might take seriously the charge made.

Persian newspapers rejoice in names that appear rather unconventional to a Westerner, such as *The Thunder*, *The Storm*, and *The Spring*. Unpleasant as a fanatical Persian mob may make itself, there is no more agreeable host than a Persian gentleman. 'Always courteous and affable to strangers, to more favored individuals he is quite charming.'

INTERNATIONAL FINANCE



A Kaffir Idea of a Christian Execution.

— *De Notenkraker*



GERMANY. Lend me some money.
THE ALLIES. What for?
GERMANY. To pay you.

— *La Tribuna*

WHEN BRITAIN WENT TO WAR

From the *Daily Telegraph*, August 4
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

STIRRING scenes and incidents took place in London on the evening of August 4, 1914. Momentous statements preparing the public for what might happen had been made in the House of Commons. The ultimatum was to expire at twelve midnight. Many hours before that time the West End, and particularly that part round about Westminster, Trafalgar Square, and Buckingham Palace, began to attract people in immense numbers. By eleven o'clock they were to be counted by hundreds of thousands, and progress in any direction was very difficult. Though the scene when the fateful hour had passed was one of extraordinary patriotism, there was a commendable restraint and absence of violent and aggressive demonstration in places where, in a less phlegmatic community, it might easily have taken place. The German Embassy in Carlton House Terrace, for instance, was completely avoided, and left in dark isolation, though the adjoining Mall was full of people from end to end.

Walter H. Page, the American Ambassador in London, in a letter to the President of the United States, dated Sunday, August 9, 1914, wrote:—

‘God save us! What a week it has been! Last Sunday I was down here at the cottage I have taken for the summer—an hour out of London—uneasy because of the apparent danger and of what Sir Edward Grey had told me. During the day people began to go to the Embassy, but not in great numbers—merely to ask what they should do in case of war. The Secretary whom I had left in charge on Sunday

telephoned me every few hours, and laughingly told funny experiences with nervous women who came in and asked absurd questions. Of course, we all knew the grave danger that war might come, but nobody could by the wildest imagination guess at what awaited us.

‘On Monday I was at the Embassy earlier than I think I had ever been there before, and every member of the staff was already on duty. Before breakfast-time the place was filled—packed like sardines. This was two days before war was declared. There was no chance to talk to individuals, such was the jam. I got on a chair and explained that I had already telegraphed to Washington—on Saturday—suggesting the sending of money and ships, and asking them to be patient. I made a speech to them several times during the day, and kept the secretaries doing so at intervals. More than 2000 Americans crowded into those offices—which are not large—that day. We were kept there till two o'clock in the morning. The Embassy has not been closed since. . . .

‘Then came the declaration of war most dramatically. Tuesday night, five minutes after the ultimatum had expired, the Admiralty telegraphed to the Fleet: “Go!” In a few minutes the answer came back: “Off.” Soldiers began to march through the City, going to the railway stations. An indescribable crowd so blocked the streets about the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Foreign Office that at one o'clock in the morning I had to drive in my car by other streets to get home. The next day the German

Embassy was turned over to me. I went to see the German Ambassador at three o'clock in the afternoon. He came down in his pyjamas, a crazy man. I feared he might literally go mad. He is of the anti-war party, and he had done his best and utterly failed. This interview was one of the most pathetic experiences of my life. The poor man had not slept for several nights.

'Then came the crowds of frightened Germans, afraid that they would be arrested. They besieged the German Embassy and our Embassy. I put one of our naval officers in the German Embassy, put the United States seal on the door to protect it, and we began business there too. Our naval officer has moved in — sleeps there. He has an assistant, a stenographer, a messenger; and I gave him the German automobile and chauffeur and two English servants that were left there. He has the job well in hand now, under my and Laughlin's supervision. But this has brought still another new lot of diplomatic and Governmental problems — a lot of them. Three enormous German banks in London have, of course, been closed. Their managers pray for my aid. Howling women come and say their innocent German husbands have been arrested as spies. English, Germans, Americans — everybody has daughters and wives and invalid grandmothers alone in Germany. In God's name, they ask, what can I do for them? Here come stacks of letters sent under the impression that I can send them to Germany. But the German business is already well in hand, and I think that that will take little of my own time and will give little trouble. I shall send a report about it in detail to the department the very first day I can find time to write it. In spite of the effort of the English Government to remain at

peace with Austria, I fear I shall yet have the Austrian Embassy too. But I can attend to it. . . .

'None of us slept more than a few hours last week. It was not the work that kept them after the first night or two, but the sheer excitement of this awful cataclysm. All London has been awake for a week. Soldiers are marching day and night; immense throngs block the streets about the Government offices. But they are all very orderly. Every day Germans are arrested on suspicion, and several of them have committed suicide. Yesterday one poor American woman yielded to the excitement and cut her throat. I find it hard to get about much. People stop me on the street, follow me to luncheon, grab me as I come out of any committee meeting, to know my opinion of this or that: How can they get home? Will such and such a boat fly the American flag? Why did I take the German Embassy? I have to fight my way about and rush to an automobile. I have had to buy me a second one to keep up the racket. . . .

'Upon my word, if one could forget the awful tragedy, all this experience would be worth a lifetime of commonplace. One surprise follows another so rapidly that one loses all sense of time; it seems an age since last Sunday. I shall never forget Sir Edward Grey's telling me of the ultimatum while he wept; nor the poor German Ambassador who has lost in his high game — almost a demented man; nor the King, as he declaimed at me for half an hour, and threw up his hands and said, "My God, Mr. Page, what else could we do?" Nor the Austrian Ambassador's wringing his hands and weeping and crying out, "My dear colleague, my dear colleague!"

'Along with this tragedy come two reverend American peace delegates who got out of Germany by the skin

of their teeth, and complain that they lost all the clothes they had except what they had on. "Don't complain," said I, "but thank God you saved your skins." Everybody has forgotten what war means — forgotten that folks get hurt. But they are coming around to it now. A United States Senator telegraphs me: "Send my wife and daughter home on the first ship." Ladies and gentlemen filled the steerage of that ship — not a bunk left; and his wife and daughter are found three days later sitting in a swell hotel waiting for me to bring them state-room tickets on a silver tray! One of my young fellows with the Embassy rushes into my office saying that a man from Boston, with letters of introduction from Senators and Governors and Secretaries, was demanding tickets of admission to a picture gallery, and a secretary to escort him there. . . .

'And this awful tragedy moves on to — what? We do not know what is really happening, so strict is the censorship. But it seems inevitable to me that Germany will be beaten, that the horrid period of alliances and armaments will not come again, that England will gain even more of the earth's surface, that Russia may next play the menace, that all Europe — as much as survives — will be bankrupt, that relatively we shall be immensely stronger financially and politically. There must surely come many great changes — very many, yet undreamed of. Be ready, for you will be called on to compose this huge quarrel. I thank Heaven for many things — first, the Atlantic Ocean; second, that you refrained from war in Mexico; third, that we kept our treaty — the canal tolls victory, I mean. Now, when all this half of the world will suffer the unspeakable brutalization of war, we shall preserve our moral

strength, our political powers, and our ideals. God save us!"

Mrs. Asquith reveals in her *Autobiography* the depth of her emotion on the fateful day as, through misty eyes, she saw her husband announce to the House of Commons that an ultimatum had been sent to Germany.

'Downing Street was full of anxious and excited people as we motored to the House of Commons the next day; some stared, some cheered, and some lifted their hats in silence. I sat breathless with my face glued to the grille of the gallery when my husband rose to announce that an ultimatum had been sent to Germany. He said: —

"In conformity with the statement of policy made here by my right honorable friend the Foreign Secretary yesterday, a telegram was early this morning sent by him to our Ambassador in Berlin. It was to this effect: —

The King of the Belgians has made an appeal to His Majesty the King for diplomatic intervention on behalf of Belgium. His Majesty's Government are also informed that the German Government has delivered to the Belgian Government a Note proposing friendly neutrality entailing free passage through Belgian territory, and promising to maintain the independence and integrity of the kingdom and its possessions at the conclusion of peace, threatening in case of refusal to treat Belgium as an enemy. We also understand that Belgium has categorically refused this as a flagrant violation of the law of nations. His Majesty's Government are bound to protest against this violation of a treaty to which Germany is a party in common with themselves, and must request an assurance that the demand made upon Belgium may not be proceeded with, and that her neutrality will be respected by Germany. You should ask for an immediate reply.

"We received this morning from

our Minister at Brussels the following telegram:—

German Minister has this morning addressed Note to the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs stating that, as Belgian Government have declined the well-intended proposals submitted to them by the Imperial Government, the latter will, deeply to their regret, be compelled to carry out, if necessary by force of arms, the measures considered indispensable in view of the French menaces.

“Simultaneously — almost immediately afterward — we received from the Belgian Legation here in London the following telegram:—

General Staff announces that territory has been violated at Gemmenich (near Aix-la-Chapelle).

“Subsequent information tends to show that the German force has penetrated still farther into Belgian territory. We also received this morning from the German Ambassador here the telegram sent to him by the German Foreign Secretary and communicated by the Ambassador to us. It is in these terms:—

Please dispel any mistrust that may subsist on the part of the British Government with regard to our intentions by repeating most positively formal assurance that, even in the case of armed conflict with Belgium, Germany will under no pretense whatever annex Belgian territory. Sincerity of this declaration is borne out by the fact that we solemnly pledged our word to Holland strictly to respect her neutrality. It is obvious that we could not profitably annex Belgian territory without making, at the same time, territorial acquisitions at the expense of Holland. Please impress upon Sir E. Grey that the German army could not be exposed to French attack across Belgium, which was planned according to absolutely unimpeachable information. Germany had, consequently, to disregard Belgian neutrality, it being for her a

question of life or death to prevent French advance.”

Henry paused after this, and then said in a slow, loud voice: “I have to add, on behalf of His Majesty’s Government: We cannot regard this as in any sense a satisfactory communication. We have, in reply to it, repeated the request we made last week to the German Government, that they should give us the same assurance in regard to Belgian neutrality as was given to us and to Belgium by France last week. We have asked that a reply to that request, and a satisfactory answer to the telegram of this morning — which I have read to the House — should be given before midnight.”

‘I looked at the House, which was packed from gallery to floor while my husband was speaking, and through misty eyes the heads of the listening members appeared to me as if bowed in prayer.

‘A satisfactory answer before midnight!’ These fateful and terrible words were greeted by wave upon wave of cheering, which continued and increased as Henry rose and walked slowly down the floor of the House. Few understood why he went down to the Bar, and when he turned and faced the Speaker excitement knew no bounds. I quote from Hansard:—

“The Prime Minister at the Bar acquainted the House that he had a message from His Majesty, signed by His Majesty’s own hand, and he presented the same to the House, and it was read by Mr. Speaker, all the members of the House being uncovered, and it is as follows:—

GEORGE R.I. — The present state of public affairs in Europe constituting in the opinion of His Majesty a case of great emergency within the meaning of the Acts of Parliament in that behalf, His Majesty deems it proper to provide additional means for the Military Service,

and therefore, in pursuance of these Acts, His Majesty has thought it right to communicate to the House of Commons that His Majesty is, by proclamation, about to order that the Army Reserve shall be called out on permanent service, that soldiers who would otherwise be entitled, in pursuance of the terms of their enlistment, to be transferred to the Reserve, shall continue in Army Service for such period not exceeding the period for which they might be required to serve if they were transferred to the Reserve and called out for permanent service as to His Majesty may seem expedient, and that such directions as may seem necessary may be given for embodying the Territorial Force, and for making such special arrangements as may be proper with regard to units or individuals whose services may be required in other than a military capacity."

"When the Speaker had finished reading the King's message all the members poured out of the House, and I went down to the Prime Minister's room. Henry looked grave and gave me John Morley's letter of resignation, saying: "I shall miss him very much; he is one of the most distinguished men living."

"For some time we did not speak. I left the window and stood behind his chair. "So it is all up?" I said. He answered without looking at me: "Yes, it's all up."

"I sat down beside him with a feeling of numbness in my limbs and absently watched through the half-open door the backs of moving men. A secretary came in with Foreign Office boxes; he put them down and went out of the room. Henry sat at his writing-table leaning back with a pen in his hand. What was he thinking of? His sons? My son was too young to fight; would they all have to fight? I got up and leaned my head against his; we could not speak for tears.

"When I arrived in Downing Street

I went to bed. How *did* it — how *could* it have happened? What were we all like five days ago? We were talking about Ireland and civil war. Civil war! People were angry but not serious; and now the sound of real war waved like wireless round our heads and the whole world listened.

"I looked at the children asleep after dinner before joining Henry in the Cabinet room. Lord Crewe and Sir Edward Grey were already there, and we sat smoking cigarettes in silence; some went out, others came in; nothing was said. The clock on the mantelpiece hammered out the hour, and when the last beat of midnight struck it was as silent as dawn. We were at war."

Mr. Winston Churchill, to whose book, *The World Crisis*, the public is indebted for much of the secret history of these momentous days, says that the supreme decision to send an ultimatum to Germany was not taken at any Cabinet. It rested on the force of events and on the authority of the Prime Minister himself. The reception by the House of Commons of Sir Edward Grey's declaration left no doubt as to the overwhelming strength of the Government's Parliamentary support, especially as during the previous week the Unionist leaders in both Houses had given emphatic assurance of the whole-hearted support of the Unionist Party in the national crisis. After the speech Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Churchill met outside the Chamber. "What happens now?" said Mr. Churchill. "Now," said Sir Edward Grey, "we shall send them an ultimatum to stop the invasion of Belgium within twenty-four hours."

The House of Commons listened with breathless interest to the Prime Minister as he informed Parliament of the dispatch and the contents of the ultimatum, which had been sent early

that morning. It entered the strongest protest against the German violation of a Treaty to which Germany was a party in common with Great Britain, and it required an immediate assurance that the demand made upon Belgium would not be proceeded with. No reply to that ultimatum was ever received. None apparently was ever sent. The German Ambassador had, indeed, that very morning communicated to the Foreign Office the text of a telegram offering an assurance that, 'even in the case of armed conflict with Belgium, Germany would under no pretense whatever annex Belgian territory,' but Mr. Asquith scornfully declared that this could not be regarded as in any sense a satisfactory communication, and he concluded amid a great tempest of cheers by saying that the British Government had asked for a reply before midnight. That meant war at midnight; it might also mean acts of war before.

Those words were spoken about four o'clock, and at that very moment three great ships, hunted and hunters, were cleaving the waters of the Mediterranean. 'At any moment,' says Mr. Churchill, 'the Goeben could have been smitten at under 10,000 yards' range by sixteen 12-inch guns firing nearly triple her own weight of metal.' It only needed a wireless word from the Admiralty. Prince Louis of Battenberg — whom cruel and mischievous tongues assailed as pro-German — observed at five o'clock to Mr. Churchill that there was still time to sink the Goeben before dark. Mr. Churchill refused. The sands in the hourglass must run out before he could authorize an act of war and, moreover, he felt sure that she could be sunk just as certainly next day. Everyone knows the sequel. The chance once lost never returned, and the escape of the Goeben to the Sea of Marmora was one of the

prime factors in the entry of Turkey into the war on the German side.

Meanwhile, what of London? There was little business done that day, which with the following Wednesday and Thursday had been declared Bank Holidays, so that there might be no run on the banks. A month's moratorium was declared. A proclamation was issued taking over the railways. The first Safety of the Realm Proclamation — the precursor of many others — was sent to the press. Great crowds surged all day about Whitehall and Buckingham Palace, where the King and Queen twice came out upon the balcony, and the National Anthem was sung again and again with patriotic fervor. Lord Morley resigned. 'If it has to be war,' he said, 'I am not the man for it. I should only hamper those who have to bear the burden.' Mr. John Burns also resigned and sank out of public sight like a stone. These were the only two resignations from the Cabinet, for, as Ambassador Page observed, 'the violation of Belgium had changed the scene in a twinkling.'

As the evening wore on enthusiasm rose. The crowds were not so silent. The first shock had passed and confidence grew. But there were no symptoms of war fever, and there were no demonstrations before the German and Austrian Embassies. Indeed, the people of London, like the British Government, behaved toward the German Ambassador and his staff with a courtesy which was in striking contrast to the indignities offered to the British Ambassador in Berlin. The crowds waited for midnight, and then, before dispersal, sang 'God Save the King' in Downing Street. It was the end of an epoch. Probably few realized it — how could they, with so little experience to guide them as to the meaning of a great war? — but life was never to be the same again.

The story of the last few hours of waiting at the Admiralty for the ultimatum to expire has been graphically told by Mr. Churchill:—

‘All the decisions had been taken. The ultimatum to Germany had gone; it must certainly be rejected. War would be declared at midnight. As far as we had been able to foresee the event, all our preparations were made. Mobilization was complete. Every ship was at its station, every man at his post. All over the world every British captain and admiral was on guard. It only remained to give the signal. What would happen then? It seemed that the next move lay with the enemy—what would he do? Had he some deadly surprise in store? Some awful design, long planned and perfected, ready to explode upon us at any moment now? Would our ships in foreign waters have been able to mark down their German antagonists? If so, morning would witness half-a-dozen cruiser actions in the outer seas.

‘Telegrams flowed in from the different naval stations round our coasts reporting the movements of vessels and rumors of sighting of enemies. Telegrams still flowed from the Chancelleries of Europe as the last futile appeals of reason were overtaken by the cannonade. In the War Room at the Admiralty, where I sat waiting, one could hear the clock tick. From Parliament Street came the murmurs of the crowd, but they sounded distant and the world seemed very still. The tumult of the struggle for life was over: it was succeeded by the silence of ruin and death. We were to awake in pandemonium.’

It was a great thing to be alive in the days that followed next. The national spirit was magnificent. All of us read with pride the King’s glowing message to the Overseas Dominions: ‘I shall be strengthened in the dis-

charge of the great responsibilities that rest upon me by the confident belief that in this time of trial my Empire will stand united, calm, resolute, trusting in God.’ Offers of help from the Dominions came pouring in—Australia foremost with the promise of an expeditionary force of 20,000 men. There was no anxiety about food, for the wheat supply was declared to be sufficient for four months. Confidence in the Navy reigned supreme, and the newspaper offices for many nights afterward were surrounded by crowds waiting for the expected fleet action in the North Sea. The Territorials were at once embodied, and thousands of men returned from their annual camp-training to find that they were now soldiers in earnest. The day after the declaration of war two hundred firms in the City of London alone offered to make up the Army pay of their employees to the full amount of their wages and to keep their places open. Lord Kitchener was called—by the country’s unanimous voice—to be Secretary of State for War and to create the armies required for war on the grand scale. The first vote of credit for £100,000,000 was granted without a word.

The earliest of the famous recruiting advertisements, ‘Your King and Country need you,’ appeared on August 6. ‘The First Hundred Thousand’ were called for on August 8, and as soon as the poster was up the approaches to the recruiting offices were blocked by crowds of eager applicants. There was no difficulty about getting men in the first days of the war. The real difficulty was to arm them and to train them. To quote Mr. Churchill again:—

‘Apart from the exiguous stores held by the Regular Army, there was literally nothing. The small scale of our military forces had led to equally small factories for war material. There

were no spare rifles, there were no extra guns, and the modest supplies of shells and ammunition began immediately to flash away with what seemed appalling rapidity. . . . One was now to learn that it took longer to make a rifle than a gun, and rifles were the cruelest need of all. We had nothing but staves to put in the hands of the eager men who thronged the recruiting stations. I ransacked the Fleet and the Admiralty stores, and scraped together another 30,000 rifles, which literally meant another 30,000 men in the field. Afloat only the Marines would have their rifles; Jack must in the last trust to his cutlass as of old.'

The country, however, had no conception of what lay before it. Nor, for that matter, had Ministers. Almost all believed at first that the war would be short — that Christmas, at furthest, would see the end of it. The one prophet of a long arduous war, which would test the resources and endurance of the Empire to the uttermost, was Lord Kitchener, who, at his first Cabinet meeting, had told his new colleagues that they must be prepared to put armies of millions into the field and maintain them for several years. He, at any rate, knew the gigantic character of his task, and he began by asking for six new Regular divisions.

Prices, naturally, began to rise almost from the first, and there were some indications of a rush to buy and hoard. But this was stayed and, all things considered, the rise in prices during the first few weeks of the war gave little indication of panic buying. Compared with what came after, the spirit of profiteering was wonderfully kept down. But the fact was that the spirit of the nation was touched in those days to the noblest issues. The strong sense of unity binding all classes was novel, exhilarating, and delightful. There was a wonderful outpouring of

service and devotion. Political feuds and animosities were forgotten. 'The Government has only to requisition any one of us,' Mr. Bonar Law said, speaking for his Unionist colleagues, 'and we will serve them and the country to the best of our ability.' Ireland, which Sir Edward Grey had declared to be 'the one bright spot' in a dark horizon, was for the first time for a century in unison with Great Britain. Mr. John Redmond had warmed and thrilled every British heart by his dramatic outburst in the House of Commons. The best of the nation's manhood pressed forward to serve in the ranks. Even the heart-rending disappointment of Mons and the heroic retreat, and the utter breakdown of the French offensive, only made the nation the more firmly determined to see the war through to victory.

Naturally such a great historic episode was excellent material for the novelists. Mr. H. G. Wells describes in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* how that peace-loving man, who hated alarmists and disagreeable possibilities, was confronted with newspapers bearing the headlines: 'The Great Powers at War'; 'France Invaded by Germany'; 'Germany Invaded by Russia'; '100,000 Germans March into Luxembourg'; 'Can England Abstain?' He was motoring homeward by moonlight from a flower show when this episode — the first indication of mobilization — occurred at a crossroads: —

'Riding across the gap between the cottages was a string of horsemen, and then a gray cart, and then a team drawing a heavy object — a gun, and then more horsemen, and then a second gun. It was all a dim brown procession in the moonlight. A mounted officer came up beside him and looked at him and then went back to the crossroads, but as yet England was not troubling about spies. Four

more guns passed, then a string of carts and more mounted men, sitting stiffly. Nobody was singing or shouting; scarcely a word was audible, and through all the column there was an effect of quiet efficient haste. And so they passed, and rumbled and jingled and clattered out of the scene, leaving Mr. Britling in his car in the dreaming village.

'In this fashion it was that the Great War began in Europe and came to one man, as it came to countless intelligent men in countless pleasant homes that had scarcely heeded its coming through all the years of its relentless preparation. The familiar scenery of life was drawn aside, and War stood revealed.

'One remarkable aspect of the English attitude toward the war was the disposition to treat it as a monstrous joke. It is a disposition traceable in a vast proportion of the British literature of the time. In spite of violence, cruelty, injustice, and the vast destruction and still vaster dangers of the struggles, that disposition held. The English mind refused flatly to see anything magnificent or terrible in the German attack, or to regard the German Emperor or the Crown Prince as anything more than figures of fun. From first to last their conception of the enemy was an over strenuous, foolish man, red with effort, with protruding eyes and a forced frightfulness of demeanor. That he might be tremendously lethal did not in the least obscure the fact that he was essentially ridiculous. And if as the war went on the joke grew grimmer, still it remained a joke. The German might make a desert of the world; that could not alter the British conviction that he was making a fool of himself.'

But England was not yet actually an active participant in the embroilment. Dealing with incidents of August 4, Mr. Wells goes on:—

'That night brought the British declaration of war against Germany. To nearly every Englishman that came as a matter of course, and it is one of the most wonderful facts in history that the Germans were surprised by it. When Mr. Britling, as a sample Englishman, had said that there would never be war between Germany and England, he had always meant that it was inconceivable to him that Germany should ever attack Belgium or France. If Germany had been content to fight a merely defensive war upon her western frontier and let Belgium alone, there would scarcely have been such a thing as a war party in Great Britain. But the attack upon Belgium, the westward thrust, made the whole nation flame unanimously into war. It settled a question that was in open debate up to the very outbreak of the conflict. Up to the last the English had cherished the idea that in Germany, just as in England, the mass of people were kindly, pacific, and detached. That had been the English mistake. Germany was really and truly what Germany had been professing to be for forty years—a War State. With a sigh—and a long-forgotten thrill—England roused herself to fight. Even now she still roused herself sluggishly. It was going to be an immense thing, but just how immense it was going to be no one in England had yet imagined. . . .

'It came at first to all these people in a spectacular manner, as a thing happening dramatically and internationally, as a show, as something in the newspapers, something in the character of an historical epoch, rather than a personal experience; only by slow degrees did it and its consequences invade the common texture of English life.'

In *If Winter Comes* Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson describes the preparations

for war as seen by his hero, Mark Sabre, in a market town, near which a battalion of 'the Pinks' was quartered. That morning Sabre wandered into Tidborough. The previous day had foreshadowed war. This new day presented it.

'As he rode into the town people were standing about in little groups, excitedly talking; everyone seemed to have a newspaper. In a row, as he approached the news agents, were hugely printed contents-bills, all with the news, in one form or another, "War Declared." It was war — war. . . . A mounted orderly passed down the street at a brisk trot, his dispatch bag swaying and bumping across his back. Everyone turned and stared after him, stepped out into the roadway, and stared after him. War. . . . Outside a bank a small crowd of people waited about the doors. They were waiting to draw out their money. Lloyd George had announced the closing of the banks for three days; but they did n't believe it was real. Was it real? He passed Hanbury's, the big grocer's. It seemed to be crammed. People outside waiting to get in. They were buying up food. A woman struggled her way out with three tins of fruit, a pot of jam, and a bag of flour. She seemed thoroughly well pleased with herself. He heard her say to someone: "Well, I've got mine, anyway." He actually had a sense of reassurance from her grotesque provisioning. He thought, "You see, everyone knows it can't last long."

Sabre reached his office: —

'No one in the office was pretending to do any work. As in the street, all were in groups eagerly talking. The clerks' room resounded with excited discussion. Everybody wanted to talk to somebody.'

Very thrilling is Mr. Hutchinson's description of the departure of the

Pinks, as Sabre witnesses it. The description may be taken as symbolical of the actual departure of many regiments on August 5 and following days:—

'When . . . the battalion came swinging out of the Market Place many appeared flanking it, mostly women. . . . The band . . . burst into the Pinks' familiar quickstep:—

'The Camp Town races are five miles long,
Doo-da! Doo-da!

'His eyes were filled. . . . He scarcely could see them. They were marching at ease, their rifles slung. They seemed to be appallingly laden with stupendous packs and multitudinous equipment. A tin mug and God knows what else beside swung and rattled about their thighs. The women with them were running to keep up, and dragging children and stretching hands into the ranks, and crying . . . all crying:—

'Doo-da! Doo-da!

The Camp Town races are five miles long,
Doo-da! Doo-da!

'A most frightful thing happened. A boy broke out of the ranks and came running, all rattling and jingling with swinging accoutrements, to the old woman beside Sabre, put his arms around her, and cried in a most frightful voice, "Mother! mother!" And a sergeant, also rattling and clanking, dashed up and bawled with astounding ferocity, "Get back into the — ranks!" And the boy ran on, rattling. And the old woman collapsed prone upon the pavement. And the sergeant, as though his amazing ferocity had been the buttress of some other emotions, bent over the old woman and patted her, rattling, and said, "That's all right, mother. That's all right. I'll look after him. I'll bring him back. That's all right, mother." And ran on, jingling. Doo-da! Doo-da! Day! . . . The column passed and was gone.'

HOW REVOLUTION CAME TO RUSSIA

BY ARTHUR RANSOME

From the *Manchester Guardian*, August 1, 2, 4
(LIBERAL DAILY)

UNTIL shortly before Lenin's death Trotskii and Lenin were placed in the popular imagination side by side as the two great leaders of the revolution. This was so not only abroad but also among the rank and file of the Bolshevik party, though it was not so among the small group near the head of affairs, who were as tireless in criticizing Trotskii as they were in praising Lenin. And now Lenin is dead and his mantle has not fallen upon Trotskii, but upon that small group which took the opportunity of the party discussion that ended with Lenin's death to make a determined attempt to destroy Trotskii's political prestige. Trotskii was ill at the time, and an attack of the character then made upon him cannot be met by brilliant pamphleteering alone, although Trotskii on a sick bed and unable to speak was not to be parted from his pen. At the crisis of that discussion the pamphlets of his rivals were obtainable everywhere, and for some reason his own, issued simultaneously with theirs, was not to be found in the shops until much later. He has now returned from convalescence in the south and, as usual with him on recovery after a period of illness, has published a book.

This book is called *Concerning Lenin*, but though it is full of valuable notes about his friend it might more accurately be called 'Concerning Lenin and Trotskii,' for it is a reminder of the part that Trotskii played side by side with Lenin in

the revolution, a reminder that, for example, it was he and not Stalin or Zinoviev who shared Lenin's bed on the floor of a bare room in the Smolny Institute on the day of the overthrow of the Provisional Government.

Indirectly, too, it is a political tract, justifying Trotskii's own position in the recent discussion by showing that the oppressive uniformity of opinion in the party now demanded by Zinoviev and Stalin is a new thing, and quite unlike the lively play of opinion which the party allowed at the most critical periods of the revolution.

Trotskii reminds us that during the actual revolution Lenin himself only became reconciled on the very last day with the methods that under Trotskii's leadership had been adopted by the Revolutionary Committee. He reminds us that there were similar divisions of opinion over the Constituent Assembly, a struggle over the question of coalition with the other Socialist parties, and a pitched battle within the party over the Peace of Brest-Litovsk. Though the book contains no reference to the attack made on him by Stalin and others, it is actually a counter-attack, and one particularly difficult for his opponents to parry, the more so that Trotskii since his return has behaved with absolute 'correctness,' emphasizing his loyalty to the party and refusing to make any obvious profit out of the outbursts of enthusiasm on his appearance at meetings, which show that the attempt to reduce him in the ranks has signally failed.

By this very preservation of dignity he has deepened markedly the general sense among all but those who have personal reason to resent his independent, flighty, and rather dictatorial manner in committee that the most brilliant of their living leaders has been very shabbily treated.

Trotsky's book is avowedly not a biography but a collection of biographical material, to which in later editions he proposes to add. It begins with an account of that little colony of Russian Social Democrats settled in London, working in the British Museum and making Saturday night speeches in Whitechapel, to whom Trotsky came in the autumn of 1902 after his escape from Siberia. He went straight to Lenin's lodgings, having been told on his way across Europe how many knocks he had to make on the door. It was inhumanly early in the morning, but Trotsky was still glowing from his escape and had crossed Europe in a youthful ecstasy. It never occurred to him to wait at the station. He was full of the reports he had to make, particularly on the poor opinion he had formed of the revolutionary organizations on the Russian frontiers. He had crossed the frontier with smugglers, and it is amusing to read that they had fleeced him unmercifully, exactly as, twenty years later, they were to turn dishonest pennies in fleeing escaping counter-revolutionaries.

Mrs. Lenin let him in and made tea for him in the kitchen while Lenin, without enthusiasm, got up and dressed. Mrs. Lenin was then 'at the centre of all the work of organization.'

In her room was almost always the smell of burnt paper, and she often complained with her gentle emphasis that people wrote little, or mixed up the ciphers, or wrote in chemical inks in such a way that one line crawled over another, and so on.

Later in the day Lenin took him for a walk through London and showed him some of the sights. 'That is their famous Westminster,' he said. 'Their,' Trotsky points out, did not mean 'belonging to the English,' but 'belonging to the enemy.' The enemy, of course, was 'the exploiting class.' From so early up to the very end, Lenin preserved this way of looking at all artistic or technical achievements. Everything was either 'ours' or 'theirs.' If an achievement was 'theirs,' it did not mean that he did not admire it. He would look at it with the frankest admiration, but always with the admiration that a general may feel for the technique of his enemy. Never did a man more single-mindedly shape himself for a particular end. Even this walk with the youthful Trotsky was devoted to an examination of the promising recruit, 'one of ours.'

I told him how in the Moscow prison for persons under sentence of transportation we had collectively studied his *Development of Capitalism in Russia* and how in exile we had worked at Marx's *Capital* but had stuck at the second volume.

That night Trotsky took up his quarters in a house where lived Vera Zasulich, Martov, and the manager of their printing press. They printed their revolutionary paper in London and smuggled it into Russia.

Almost immediately on his arrival Lenin had astonished and shocked the 'elders' by being not only unwilling to remain a pupil, but even ready to enter the lists with his would-be teachers.

The old ones had by this time spent twenty years in exile. For them *Iskra* and *Zarya* ('The Spark' and 'The Dawn,' revolutionary papers) were mainly a literary enterprise. For Lenin, on the other hand, they were the direct instruments of revolutionary action.

This is equally true of the whole twenty-four volumes of his published works. Lenin came abroad 'not as a potential leader in general' but as 'the leader of that revolution which was actually growing . . . to create as quickly as possible for this revolution its rigging of ideas, its organizing apparatus.'

Plekhanov was at that time the acknowledged theorist of the movement. But when Lenin came to stand shoulder to shoulder with him the man who from a distance had seemed a giant turned out to be not so much of a giant after all, and no superstitious reverence restrained Lenin from pushing his own views even against those of this hitherto undisputed leader. Plekhanov, 'deep in whom sat a revolutionary skeptic,' none the less felt and admitted Lenin's strength at once. 'That is the dough of which Robespierres are made,' he said to Axelrod. Vera Zasulich described the methods in argument of the two men much as Goldsmith described those of Burke and Johnson. 'George (Plekhanov) is a *Borzoï*, — wolfhound, — worries, worries and throws away; and you (Lenin) are a bulldog—you take a death-grip.' Lenin was very pleased and repeated the phrase with satisfaction. 'A death-grip is just what is needed.'

The London period did not last long. The centre of struggle within the party was the paper *Iskra*, which was edited by a committee of six — three 'old ones,' Plekhanov, Zasulich, and Axelrod; and three 'young ones,' Lenin, Martov, and Potresov. The editors were scattered about Europe, Plekhanov and Axelrod in Switzerland, Zasulich and the 'young ones' in London, where the paper was actually printed. Plekhanov wanted the centre moved to Switzerland. Lenin wished it to remain in London. Plekhanov

won, and there was a general migration to Switzerland. In Paris Lenin gave three lectures in the High School organized there by professors exiled from Russia. The profits went to the treasury of *Iskra*. The lecturer was taken to the opera. They all went on to Geneva together, where Lenin, with the help of Zasulich, turned Plekhanov's victory into a defeat by bringing Trotskii into the editorial committee, thus ensuring in serious questions the outvoting of the 'old ones' by the 'young.'

There is nothing in Trotskii's book about the 1905 revolution. After the account of Lenin's early career, with its continual emphasis on the concrete character of Lenin's preparations and ideas, — 'His very jokes were utilitarian,' — Trotskii turns at once to the spring of 1917. When, on returning from abroad, he met Lenin in Petrograd on the fifth or sixth of May, he told him that he was in complete agreement with the theses that Lenin had published in April. Trotskii was then not a Bolshevik, but was the leader of a small independent group. He reminds people in passing that in this group were others who have not so often or so unkindly had it thrown in their teeth that they are comparatively new members of the Communist Party. These names include Lunacharskii, Joffe, Karakhan, and Sokolnikov.

Trotskii makes a new and interesting point that Lenin in 1917, while believing that the country was prepared for further revolution, was by no means sure that this would not be prevented. In May Lenin declared that 'the country of workers and extremely poor peasants was a thousand times more "Left" than Tchernov and Tseretelli, and a hundred times more "Left" than ourselves.'

He unshakably believed that the masses were willing and able to make a revolution,

but he had not that confidence with regard to the Party Staff. . . . With all the forces and means at his disposal he tried to place the Party under the pressure of the masses, and the Central Committee of the Party under the pressure of the rank and file.

As the autumn drew on Lenin's anxiety became almost unbearable. The second revolution was visibly preparing, too visibly, as Lenin thought.

As in the July days, when Lenin firmly believed that 'they' [the bourgeois 'enemy'] would shoot us, so now he thought out for the enemy the whole situation, and came to the conclusion that the best thing from the point of view of the bourgeoisie would be to take us by surprise with force of arms, disorganize the revolution, and then strike at its several parts. Lenin overestimated, as he had done in July, the perspicacity and determination of the enemy, and perhaps also their material possibilities.

Trotskii was undoubtedly the leading figure in the preparation of the Bolshevik revolution, and his methods certainly gave Lenin grounds for anxiety. Trotskii was justified only by the fact that the rival forces were torn a thousand ways by mutually hostile interests, internal scuffles, bitternesses, and jealousies. For, with an audacity that would certainly have been blamed for defeat if it had not succeeded, Trotskii was playing with every card laid face upward on the table. The Bolsheviks were with every day gaining support among the working masses of the towns, and there could be little doubt that at the next Congress of Soviets they and those prepared to vote with them would be in a position to supplant the existing moderate Executive Committee. The moment that should happen the Bolshevik cry of 'All power to the Soviets' would no longer, as in July, find an Executive Committee unwilling to take power even if it should be offered. The naming of a date for this new Congress

was equivalent to naming a date for the revolution. Lenin was horrified at the obvious connection between the planned revolt and the summoning of the Congress. 'In any case,' he insisted at one of the last of the preliminary meetings of the Revolutionary Committee, 'the seizure of power should precede the Congress of Soviets. Otherwise they will smash you, and you will not be able to summon a Congress of any kind whatsoever.'

However, the Provisional Government played into Trotskii's hands by allowing him to get warning of their intention to replace the Petrograd garrison by troops that were as yet uninfected.

The attempt to change the garrison of Petrograd led to the formation of the Military Revolutionary Committee. . . . We got the chance of legalizing the preparation of the revolt with the authority of the Soviet, and of binding it closely with a question that vitally affected the whole garrison of Petrograd [which was extremely unwilling to be sent to the front].

Trotskii had his way, and so convinced were he and his committee of the hopeless weakness of the existing Government that they made all arrangements for the taking of power openly over the telephone, and simply began to give orders, as if with authority, before the old Government had actually been overthrown. But it was not until the very evening of the revolution that Lenin reconciled himself to the fact that they had refused to take power by more conspiratorial methods.

I remember the tremendous impression made on Lenin by the news that I had summoned by written order a company of the Pavlovsk Regiment to ensure the appearance of our Party and Soviet newspapers.

'Well,' he asked, 'and has the company come out of barracks?'

'It has.'

'The papers are being set up?'

'They are.'

Lenin was delighted and burst into exclamations, laughing and rubbing his hands. Then he became silent, thoughtful, and said, 'Well, it can be done in that way also. The main thing is to take power.'

The Congress met in Smolny Institute — once a girls' school, and thenceforward, until the removal to Moscow, the seat of the Government. Lenin did not appear at the first session.

He remained in one of the rooms of Smolny, in which, I remember, for some reason or other, there was no furniture, or practically none. Later on someone put some rugs on the floor and a couple of pillows. Vladimir Ilyitch [Lenin] and I rested, lying side by side. But in a few minutes I was called — 'Dan [Menshevik leader] is speaking and we must reply.' Returning after my speech in reply, I lay down again side by side with Vladimir Ilyitch, who, of course, had no thought of sleeping. Every five or ten minutes someone came in from the meeting-room to say what was happening there. And besides that, news kept on coming from the town, where, under the leadership of Antonov Ovseenko, the siege of the Winter Palace was proceeding, that ended by its storming.

I imagine that a hundred years hence historians will be glad of this curious glimpse of the leaders of the revolution at the moment of their triumph. But Trotskii is comparatively careless of intimate detail, and is more anxious to get on paper what he remembers of Lenin actually at work.

From the moment that the Temporary Government was declared overthrown, Lenin systematically, in big things and small, acted as a Government. We had as yet no apparatus whatever; there was no connection with the provinces; the officials were sabotaging; the Railway Committee was interfering with our telephonic conversations with Moscow; there was no

money and there was no army. But Lenin in all directions acted by means of decisions, decrees, and orders in the name of the Government. Of course he was in this further than anyone from any superstitious reverence for formal incantations. He recognized too clearly that our strength was in that new State apparatus that was being built up from below, from the Petrograd districts. But in order to coördinate the work that went on above, from the deserted or sabotaging chanceries, with the creative work that was going on below, there was necessary just this tone of formal insistence, the tone of a Government which, to-day still tossing in emptiness, to-morrow or the day after will be a force, and therefore to-day is already speaking as a force.

Then there are glimpses of that frantic period of legislative improvisation in Smolny when more than once contradictory measures were published almost simultaneously. 'My room and Lenin's,' says Trotskii, 'were at opposite ends of the building. The corridor uniting or rather dividing us was so long that Vladimir Ilyitch jokingly proposed to establish communication on bicycles.' It would have been impossible. I well remember that corridor, which was like a passage in an anthep, people running to and fro, while the loud voices of orators and the roar of applause sounded through its walls from concurrent meetings going on in the larger rooms beside it or below. Lenin asked what they were to call the members of their Government.

'Anyhow not Ministers; that is an abominable used-up name.'

'We would call them Commissars [suggested Trotskii], only that there are already too many Commissars. Perhaps Supreme Commissars.'

'No, "supreme" sounds badly. What about "People's"?''

'People's Commissars? That would do pretty well. And the Government as a whole?'

'Soviet of People's Commissars.'

Lenin caught it up. 'That is first-rate. That smells of revolution.'

Speaking of the appalling disorder and muddle of the early days of the Bolshevik revolution, Trotskii says of the military staff, which also sat in a room of the Smolny Institute, the first headquarters of the revolution:—

This of all the institutions was the most disorderly. It was never possible to understand who was giving orders, who was in command, and of what in particular. Here first arose in a general form the question of military specialists (officers of the old army). We had already some experience on the point in the struggle with Krasnov, when we appointed Muraviev as commander and he in turn entrusted the direction of the operations at Pulkovo to Colonel Walden. With Muraviev were four soldiers and a sailor with orders to keep their eyes open and never to take their hands from their revolvers. (Muraviev eventually killed himself after attempted treachery on the front during the early stages of the Czecho-Slovak revolt in 1918.) This was the embryo of the system of Commissars. This experience laid in some degree the foundation of the Supreme Military Council.

'Without serious, experienced military men we shall never get out of this chaos,' I said to Vladimir Ilyitch every time after visiting the Staff.

'That is true, seemingly. But how can we prevent them betraying us?'

'Appoint a Commissar to each one.'

'Better still, two,' exclaimed Lenin. 'And muscular ones. It's impossible that we have got no muscular Communists.'

There is a note on Lenin's view of the death penalty in a time of revolution. On Kamenev's initiative the law about capital punishment for soldiers brought in by Kerenskii was abolished. This was indeed one of the first acts of the new Government.

I remember that this was in my presence and that I did not object. Lenin was not there. . . . When he heard of this first act of legislation he was endlessly upset. 'Rubbish,' he repeated. 'How can you make a

revolution without shootings? You surely do not think that you can deal with all your enemies while disarming yourselves? What other means of repression are there? Imprisonment? Who thinks anything of that in a time of civil war, when each side hopes to win?' It was clear to him that behind this decree was hidden an unthought-out attitude toward those incredible difficulties which we were on our way to meet.

There is another note correcting the present widely propagated belief that even in the early days Lenin clearly foresaw how long and difficult was the path to the Communism that he preached.

I remember very well how during the first period in Smolny Lenin incessantly repeated at the sittings of the Council of People's Commissars that in six months we should have Socialism and should be the most powerful State. . . . This was a system of inspiring conviction. Lenin was teaching all to take thenceforward all questions in the frame of Socialist construction, and not in the perspective of an 'ultimate aim' but in the perspective of to-day or the day after.

Trotskii denies that this was purely a pedagogic method. He speaks of Lenin's

tense will, which at the abrupt turning-point of two epochs compressed stages and shortened periods. He believed what he said. And this fantastic six months' period for the arrival of Socialism represents a function of Lenin's spirit just as much as his realistic approach to each problem of the actual day.

That is the difference between the man of action that Lenin was and the philosopher. Lenin's beliefs, like his jokes, were to the purpose. He always believed what it was necessary for the leader of the revolution to believe. But it was only in the rarest cases that he allowed these beliefs, these pillars of fire by night and smoke by day, as they were for his followers, to distract

his own eyes from the immediate stones and ditches at his feet.

Pèrhaps the most interesting passages in the book are those concerning the Peace of Brest-Litovsk, in which, as everyone knows, Trotskii's part was a very prominent one and not whole-heartedly approved by Lenin. As soon as it was clear that a general peace was impossible and that the peace offered by the Germans by no means corresponded to the Russian formula, there were violent differences of opinion as to what ought to be done. Lenin's one idea was at all costs to preserve the revolution in Russia, and he was for agreeing to any terms that would permit this. Trotskii, as soon as he reached the front on his way to Brest, realized clearly enough that there was no Russian army capable of putting up any defense whatever. But —

I considered that at all costs it was necessary to give the workers of Europe a clear proof of the mortal hostility between us and ruling Germany. . . . It was precisely under the influence of this idea that I came in Brest-Litovsk to the notion of that pedagogic demonstration which was expressed in the formula: 'We stop the war but do not sign the peace.'

Lenin was attracted by the idea, but feared the risk, and asked, 'What if they renew the war?'

Trotskii: 'Then we shall be forced to sign peace, and then it will be clear to everybody that there is nothing else we can do. By that alone we shall deal a decisive blow to the legend of our secret connection with the Hohenzollerns.'

Lenin: 'Of course there are *pluses* here. But it's all too risky. At the moment there is nothing in the world more important than our revolution. We must at all costs put it out of danger.'

But the risk was taken, and the Ger-

mans, shortening by a quibble the agreed notice that was to terminate the armistice, suddenly advanced. The bulk of the two ruling parties — Bolsheviks and Left Social Revolutionaries — believed then that a 'revolutionary war,' unarmed as they were, was inevitable. Lenin insisted that they must at once agree to sign peace.

'And if the Germans none the less advance? And if they move on Moscow?'

'Then,' said Lenin, 'we will retreat farther to the east, to the Urals, declaring all the time our readiness to sign peace. The Kuznetsk basin is rich in coal. We will make an Ural-Kuznetsk Republic basing ourselves on the industry of the Urals and the coal of the Kuznetsk basin, on the proletariat of the Urals and on those Petrograd and Moscow workmen whom we are able to take with us. We will go as far as Kamchatka if need be, but we will hold out. The international situation will change again and again, and from our Ural-Kuznetsk Republic we shall spread and return to Moscow and Petersburg. But if we hurl ourselves senselessly into a revolutionary war and let the flower of the working class and of our Party be cut to pieces, why then, of course, we shall not return at all.'

He won his point. A worse peace was signed than that which they had at first refused; and before the year was out the international situation had been changed by the fall of the German Empire. At only one moment did Lenin waver, at the moment when news came of the German landing in Finland. When he got this news he thought there was no way out of fighting, but in a few minutes he had regained his old position, that they had no right to risk the revolution. 'Three years later,' comments Trotskii, 'we took a risk — this time on Lenin's initiative — when we probed with a bayonet bourgeois and aristocratic Poland. We were thrown back. Where was the difference between this and Brest-

Litovsk? In principle, none. But there was a difference in the degree of risk.

The book is full of similar first-hand, eyewitness evidence on one after another of the crises of the revolution. The passage in the book that has most annoyed Trotskii's rivals in this:—

'And what,' Vladimir Ilyitch asked me altogether unexpectedly, 'if the White Guards kill you and me; will Bucharin and Sverdlov be able to carry on?'

'Perhaps they won't kill us,' I replied, joking.

'The devil only knows,' said Lenin; and laughed. On which the conversation ended.

That passage is annoying to Trotskii's rivals because it reminds everyone that the 'Lenin and Trotskii' theory of the revolution's leadership was shared by Lenin himself. It is a most uncomfortable comment, as from the grave, on the situation in Russia to-day.

A GUIDEBOOK OF THE 'FORTIES

BY JAKOB CAHN

From *Frankfurter Zeitung*, July 19

(LIBERAL DAILY)

THE first edition of those familiar red-bound travelers' companions that have identified millions of tourists to Switzerland in their time lies before me. Its title, rendered into English, reads: 'Switzerland: A Guidebook for Tourists. Koblenz. Published by Karl Baedeker, 1844.' In size and form it resembles closely its successors of to-day. Its yellow-paper jacket is adorned with cuts of famous Swiss scenery and the coats of arms of the cantons, and it contains a map of the country and a panorama from the Rigi. The price is one thaler and ten silver groschen—approximately the same amount in dollars and cents in American currency.

Those were the days of mail coaches. There was not a single railway in all Switzerland, to say nothing of funicular and cogwheel railroads up the principal peaks. The hotel business was still in its infancy, though travelers' accom-

modations in Switzerland were already better than in other countries, and Swiss inns were reputed the most comfortable in the world. Nor was there an organized tourist-industry. The traveler had largely to look out for himself. Currency was almost as chaotic as to-day.

Under such conditions a tour was a much more serious undertaking for the inexperienced traveler than it is at present, and a guidebook was more indispensable. The publisher assures his readers that the information he gives them is based 'upon personal investigation and the best authorities,' among the chief of which was Murray's already famous guidebook. He encourages the prospective tourist by the promise that 'with the help of this book it will not be difficult to lay out a plan for each day of travel, to decide beforehand where one will spend each night, and indeed to draw up a pro-

gramme for almost every hour, assuming of course fair weather.'

A Swiss tour in the good old times of eighty years ago was not one whit cheaper than it is at present. Baedeker says that a pedestrian can get along on ten francs — two dollars — a day. A man who travels in such simple style will hardly need that amount in our present year of grace. Nor will the modern tourist be likely to find such extras as 'a grate fire,' or 'half a wax candle' on his hotel bill.

Baedeker sagely advises his readers how to conduct themselves abroad. 'The treatment guests receive depends largely upon their own manner and deportment. A person who is exacting and makes heavy demands upon the servants will naturally expect to be charged more than the modest and less exigent traveler. One who merely has his room at a hotel and takes his meals elsewhere will naturally have to pay more than a traveler from whom the innkeeper also makes a profit on his meals.' And in conclusion he says: 'The wisest way is to accommodate one's self to conditions, and to keep in good humor, although one does not find elsewhere all the comforts he is accustomed to at home. A person who goes about obsessed by suspicions, who becomes angry every time he is charged more than in his native town, and who is ever complaining of extortion, had better not travel at all.'

Baedeker's observations upon traveling afoot would hardly receive unqualified endorsement to-day. 'Of all tourists, the pedestrian is the freest. He will invariably derive the greatest pleasure from a journey in Switzerland, both physically and intellectually.' The following division of his day is recommended: 'Set forth bright and early, at four or five o'clock in the morning, after drinking a glass of fresh water at the inn or en route.

After walking two or three hours, eat a breakfast consisting of coffee and bread and butter with honey, which is to be had everywhere in Switzerland. About twelve or one o'clock eat a luncheon of bread with meat or cheese, and a glass of wine or beer. Then rest for two hours in a grove or some other cool place. After that walk until about seven o'clock in the evening. Eat a hearty dinner at one of the excellent hotels to be found along all the routes popular with pedestrians. Most of these establishments serve a big evening meal, *table d'hôte*. Early to bed.'

This sensible plan of starting out at dawn will hardly find enthusiastic champions to-day.

The clothing recommended to the tourist of 1844 was: 'A straw or white-felt hat with a broad brim or, best of all, a light cap; a soft collar — above all not a tight, stiff collar; a cloth coat that can be girded up, when desired, to half its length; linen trousers without straps under the boots; leggings; and stout — but not new — boots, reaching to the ankles. Carry a light umbrella instead of a cane.'

Mountain-climbing had not yet become popular, and mountaineering as a sport was practically unknown. Tourists contented themselves with ascending to a few well-known outlook points, especially the Rigi, and with crossing the more important passes, like St. Gothard, Furka, Grimsel, and Gemmi. Baedeker cites abundantly from history in describing particular places and regions. He quotes whole pages of contemporary historians, and long passages from Goethe in connection with the places that great writer visited on his Swiss tour. Other native and foreign poets who have sung the incomparable beauties or grandeur of Switzerland's mountains, from the Roman authors down to Voltaire and Byron, are also quoted. Of course the

reader is favored with whole scenes from *William Tell* in connection with places that figure in Schiller's drama.

Many passages sound strange enough to-day and, even considering that they were written eighty years ago, seem anachronistic. This is notably so when Baedeker, in mentioning Milan, Como, and other Italian cities, gives a cross-reference to his 'Guidebook for Travelers through Germany and the Austrian Empire. Based upon Personal Investigations and the Best Authorities. With a Map and Plans of the Cities of Vienna, Prague, Venice, Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Hamburg, Frankfort, and Cologne.' Even the principality of Lichtenstein is not forgotten — 'which furnishes fifty-five soldiers to the army of the German Federation.'

Another political anomaly is the principality of Neuenburg, which was under the sovereignty of the King of Prussia, but was also a Swiss canton. The Prussian *Landesherr* appointed a governor and twelve members of the legislative body, but Berlin had nothing to say in regard to any matter affecting Switzerland. Neuenburg was obligated to supply soldiers for the Swiss Federal Army, but a battalion of the Palace Guards at Berlin consisted of recruits from the principality, who volunteered for four years' service. A recruiting office with one officer and two non-commissioned officers was maintained in Neuenburg for enrolling them and giving them preliminary training before they were sent to Berlin. Some may recall that when William II attended the Swiss manœuvres in 1912 he wore the uniform of that battalion. It was generally supposed at the time that this was because it resembled closely the Swiss uniform; but possibly he had this historical reminiscence in mind.

When mentioning Castle Arenenberg, which formerly belonged to the Duchess of St. Leu, at one time Queen

of Holland, Baedeker refers to her son, who later became Napoleon III, as 'adventurous Prince Louis.'

Many of the most famous scenic points in Switzerland had not yet been discovered. Among these was the Engadine, which is now the goal of thousands of tourists. In fact, that region was avoided eighty years ago on account of its severe climate and poor accommodations for travelers. Baedeker says of St. Moritz: 'Its situation on a clear lake, which is usually frozen from the end of November to the end of April, is beautiful, but accommodations in the three hotels . . . are not to be praised.' His only comment on Pontresina is 'a good hotel,' in parentheses. Davos is not even credited with that much.

Already, however, there was something resembling an organized tourist-industry in the Bernese Oberland, which was very popular, especially with the English. Interlaken — then called Interlachen — is described thus: 'Interlachen has no so-called points of interest, and even the most conscientious traveler need not regret failing to see the place. Its charming and healthful situation in a fertile valley, with a fine panorama of the snow-capped summit of the Jungfrau, its proximity to many points of interest in Switzerland, and the cheapness of living there, have gradually made it famous throughout Europe, so that to-day the little valley has become practically an English colony. Wherever one goes or stops he hears the English tongue, and even the natives begin to address every stranger in English.'

Zermatt and the Matterhorn, Arosa and other famous tourist centres of to-day, are not mentioned at all. On the other hand, whole passages from this first volume, describing the Rigi and the Via Mala, have been retained verbatim in the latest edition.

ANIMAL NEIGHBORS IN AFRICA. IV.

BY RUDOLF REQUADT

From *Kölnische Zeitung*, July 5, 8, 10, 12, 17

(CONSERVATIVE DAILY, BRITISH OCCUPIED TERRITORY)

On the river side of the village lay the gardens of the Kaffirs. The blacks assured me that in the harvest season troops of monkeys would come down from the mountains several kilometres away and ravage their crops, destroying far more than they took. Usually these unwelcome visitors appeared at about dawn, and Kaffirs were constantly on the watch to frighten them away. At the first alarm the villagers poured out en masse to attack the plunderers, much as they would have done to repel an assault by enemies of their own race.

The first time that this happened, I sprang from my bed when I heard the shouting and followed the mob on a run in the direction of the river. The scattered outcries gradually concentrated at a single point where a solitary tree towered above a broad expanse of meadow. Long before I reached it I could see a cluster of blacks gathered close around its base. They were looking at something in the branches and yelling like demons. Now and then someone would hurl a spear into the branches. When they saw me approaching, their excitement increased.

'See the monkey!' they called, and pointed into the foliage. At first I could distinguish nothing but leaves, but at length I made out little glimpses of fur between their interstices where a monkey was perched upon a horizontal limb, looking down, first with one eye on one side, and then with the other eye on the other side, upon the crowd below.

'Kill him! Kill him!' the blacks shouted, stamping upon the ground. Again a couple of spears flew into the air. Next a huge black fellow picked up a big stone and, uttering a weird battle-cry, threw it with all the strength of his muscular arm at the concealed monkey. There was a shrill cry of pain; the monkey swayed for a moment, slipped from his perch; and slowly followed the stone as it rattled back from limb to limb. Evidently the animal was half stunned, for it clutched at the passing branches only to relax its grasp again.

'Give it to him! Give it to him!' shouted the blacks. All the spears were lifted, and as the monkey fell from the lowest bough to the earth they flew in a cloud at him, so that in a moment his body was the centre of a thicket of quivering shafts.

My curiosity regarding the monkeys was now thoroughly aroused, so I persuaded three of the blacks who knew their habits to accompany me, and set forth before sunrise a few days later for the mountains where they lived. Our goal was a range of rugged heights where my guides assured me that monkeys would be found, because they lived in a group of caves in the vicinity.

At length we reached a long, heavily wooded ridge, beyond which lay an enclosed valley surrounded by large forest-trees. The blacks thought monkeys would be found in the precipice just behind this depression. We descended the hill cautiously, scanning the trees for the objects of our search.

My guides imagined they caught sight of monkeys now and then or heard their cries in the distance.

As we were thus advancing very slowly, stopping and listening at almost every step, we made out a number of black forms in a distant tree, swinging from branch to branch. We were still watching them when we were startled by a tremendous noise that drew our attention to the opposite height, where a whole troop of monkeys rushed out of a cave and, yelping shrilly, rolled and tumbled across a little grassplot. They seemed to be playing a game of uncouth handspring, little ones and big ones together. When they reached the middle of the grassy plot they turned abruptly and soon were out of sight over the top of the hill.

After they were gone, the blacks explained that they were hunting their breakfast, which consisted principally of the insects in the grass. The monkeys showed little consideration for each other in this quest, for the big ones would seize the prey captured by the smaller ones, and even snatch it out of their mouths. Several times I saw the little monkeys turn over a stone to get the insects under it, only to be thrust roughly aside by an older and stronger companion, who promptly took possession of their find.

Encouraged by this sight, we climbed the height and soon discovered a number of caves half hidden in the bushes. We could see by the disturbance of the dew on the foliage that the occupants had just left. Paths led to some of these dens, showing that they were tenanted by large troops.

At first the blacks suggested that we lay our snares along these paths, but they finally decided that we had left too obvious traces of our presence here, and that it would be better to find a more isolated cave elsewhere, which

they could approach without disturbing the surrounding vegetation. So, leaving me behind, they stole off through the bushes on this errand.

I eventually wearied of waiting, and was curious to investigate the cave nearest me. With a flashlight in one hand and a revolver in the other, I entered. The heavy, offensive odor of a lair met me at the entrance. Boulders were strewn upon the bottom, worn smooth and shiny by the rubbing of the animals. I examined the place carefully for a moment, to see if any of the tenants — possibly sick or too young to travel — had not been left behind; but, discovering nothing, I returned as soon as possible to the fresh air.

A little to one side of this cave the banks descended precipitously. I seated myself on a broad stone on their crest to survey the surrounding country. Wild life abounded everywhere. Flocks of birds fluttered through the trees, and the sound of various animals was audible in the distance. Now and then I thought I could detect the chatter of monkeys. After a time, during which I sat perfectly still, I heard a rustling in the bushes near me and saw a monkey spring from the ground into the overhanging branches of a little tree, clutch something, and hold it before his eyes. I now saw that his captive was a grasshopper. He gazed at it delightedly for a moment, climbed slowly down from the tree, and, as I could observe through my field glass, rolled over on his back in the soft sod and resumed his pleased contemplation of the grasshopper. Finally he dropped it into his big mouth, snapped his teeth, and began to chew it slowly with every evidence of intense satisfaction. As he did so, he reached up lazily and plucked idly at the branches above him. When he had ceased chewing, he settled back comfortably in the grass, evidently

enjoying a regular debauch of indolence.

Before long the three black boys returned. Although I made signs to them to be careful, the monkey heard them and, looking around with alarm, slipped away between the bushes.

'Each of us has set a snare,' the boys reported; 'but we must go back in that direction, so that we can rush up quickly if a monkey is caught, or else he will strangle himself.'

I joined the most responsible fellow of the three, and we two were soon seated on the edge of a hollow, examining the scene below us. Across this gully lay a little clearing, facing a cave invisible from our observation point, where a few ears of corn were strewn on the ground. I kept close watch with my field glass. The black boy explained: 'I laid the snare the best I could, but you must not feel sure we'll catch one. Monkeys are shrewder than many human beings. Although they're not hunted much in this vicinity, they'll wonder how those ears of corn got in front of their cave.'

We waited eagerly for what might happen. I heard the shrill cry of a circling eagle high above us. This moved my companion to say: 'Did you hear that eagle? I saw a dreadful thing once. I went out early in the morning to hunt, and was creeping through the bushes stalking a buck with my spear in my hand. All at once I heard a loud rushing sound over to one side, followed by a chorus of shrieks from a troop of monkeys. The next moment an eagle rose over the trees with slowly flapping wings, holding a little monkey in its talons. I could see that the animal's head was bleeding badly, and that it was evidently half dead already. The eagle flew deliberately just above the treetops. But there was a fearful tumult at the point where the monkey had been captured. I could hear chattering and shrieking, and make out

the old mother monkey in the topmost branches of a tree, swinging back and forth like a man rowing a boat, and gazing after the disappearing robber with wild, plaintive cries of grief and protest.'

By noon the heat became intense. The black took this for a signal that the monkeys would soon return to their caves. We redoubled our vigilance, and soon discerned the backs of several creeping through the bushes in the distance. As they were moving toward the place where the other snares were set, we listened eagerly for the shout of triumph that we knew the watchers there would give if they made a capture; but everything was as still as death. At length we imagined we heard a rustling sound in our vicinity, and a little later saw a couple of brownish figures emerge from the undergrowth above the cave that we were watching. They stopped, evidently studying with intense curiosity from their elevated observation point the ears of corn in the grass below them. It was quite evident that they were on their guard. They lowered their heads, lifted their hairy tails straight in the air, walked cautiously around the corn at a safe distance, squatted in the grass, and gazed at it with a comical mixture of shrewdness and greed. They would change this posture every few minutes to survey with alert and twinkling eyes all the country around them. Gradually their agitation increased, and suddenly they made away up the mountain, with their tails high in the air.

We imagined that they had left for good, but a little later they appeared at a considerable distance above us, swinging in a tree, and still studying with intense interest those ears of corn. Before we could see how the situation would finally develop, however, a wild shout mingled with a monkey's scream

told us that one of the other boys had made a capture. We hurried in his direction and were joined by the third boy before we reached our destination.

Arriving at the scene of all the outcry, we found our black boy holding by the tail a monkey which he had caught in a noose that had fallen directly around its throat. He was trying to prevent the captive from strangling itself in its desperate efforts to get away. The poor fellow was already bleeding from several vicious bites which he had received in the effort. We quickly tied the animal's hind legs, but it proved impossible to tie the forelegs. The monkey's sharp teeth and powerful hands were too much for us. So we decided to tether it to a tree until it was exhausted or at least until we had rested a little.

As soon as the excitement of the capture was over and the black boy had caught his breath, he pointed into the limbs of the tree and said: 'The little one's there.' We looked up in surprise. In fact, now that my attention was called to it, I could hear a whimpering sound in the foliage. At length we made out between the twigs a frightened-eyed little creature, watching with evident distress his captured mother. The sight brought a quick pang of pity to my heart. I looked down at the old monkey. She lay on her back, held by the noose around her hind legs and the noose around her neck, gazing intently at her young one.

'You should have told me before,' I said to the black boys. 'I don't want to catch a mother monkey.' I stood irresolute a moment, but the whimpering voice above me was too much, and I said quickly to the blacks: 'We must let her go again.'

My companions stared at me incomprehendingly for a moment, but I insisted that they cut the noose. In spite of their surprise, I felt that they

really understood my motive. Finally one said: 'It would be bad to let the monkey go entirely, for she would attack us furiously. It would be better just to loosen the noose and she will free herself.'

This sounded sensible. The blacks grinned amiably at the little fellow up in the tree, as if to make him understand, nodded in the same amiable way to the old monkey, stepped cautiously back a little, and dropped the rope that held her.

The old monkey instantly assumed a sitting posture, and chattered what was apparently intended to be villainous abuse at us as we slowly withdrew. She continued this all the while we were hiding in the bushes to watch her free herself from the ropes. She stared for some little time at the point where she had last seen us, and then suddenly rolled over as if she were dead. I do not know whether she was really exhausted or whether it was a trick. A few seconds later she began to prattle softly to the little one in the tree, and the latter, who had been perfectly silent during our departure, answered.

After a few minutes of this the mother monkey climbed into the tree as far as the rope on her hind legs would let her, and a tiny brown creature, with a funny, foolish-looking little head and awkward movements, slipped down toward her. The mother monkey stretched one arm up as far as possible, and as soon as the little one was within reach she lifted it lightly with her hand and, letting herself down to the ground with her other arm, hugged it to her, uttering soft throat-tones all the while. The little one nestled silently against its mother, while the latter caressed it with indescribable tenderness. She licked its face and stroked it with the ends of her fingers as if to reassure herself that it was in her arms. Then she started to leave, but

was brought to a quick halt by the rope.

Holding the young one with one arm, she jerked angrily at the tether with the other. She next examined, with a quick, curious bobbing of the head, the noose where her feet were tied and the place where the rope was attached to a tree. Then she gave the rope a couple of vigorous pulls. When this proved of no avail, she began to scream angrily. That was repeated several times. At length she laid down her little one and began to gnaw the rope close to her feet. A few sharp bites severed it and left her free. Thereupon, taking her young one and looking cautiously in every direction, she vanished in the bushes.

So we returned to the village without making a capture. The black boys tried to temper my disappointment by marvelous stories of monkeys that had been taken. One of these tales, however, left me a little disturbed. It started this way: —

‘What do you think the other monkeys will do when this one comes home?’

I laughed at the question and said: ‘They will be glad, if she can actually tell them what happened.’

The black boy shook his head doubtfully. ‘That might be true if you had taken the noose off her neck first, but if the noose is there it will go bad with her.’

I looked at him with surprise.

‘As long as the noose is around her

neck they will run away from her and then they will kill her. You don’t believe it? Listen to this, then.

‘We had a tame monkey in our village. His owner caught him when he was young and he lived a year or more around our huts. The only difference between him and a wild monkey was a bright cord around his neck which his owner sometimes used to tie him in the hut. One morning, however, the monkey discovered his brothers. It was the season when the wild monkeys come down from the mountains to rob our gardens. People who were up early noticed the tame monkey running through the garden, and a little later saw him chasing a whole troop of wild monkeys. While they were watching, the troop took flight in a wild panic, and the tame monkey, evidently delighted at rediscovering his brothers, pursued them as fast as he could. The wild monkeys were so terrified they did n’t know where to turn, and ran this way and that through the garden, while the tame monkey kept persistently at their heels. All of a sudden, though, when he got too close, a couple of old monkeys turned on him and, as he hopped joyfully up to them, seized him and in a second had literally torn him to pieces. We all felt very bad about it in our village, but we knew why it was. The red cord on the tame monkey frightened them so that they did n’t take him for a friend, but for an enemy.’

TWO TALES

BY I. A. WILLIAMS

From the *London Mercury*, July
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

I. A NEW SCHOOL OF POETRY

[MR. WILLIAMS exercises in London a vocation that must be nearly unique. He is a typographical critic. That is, he writes for the *London Mercury* critical articles on typography and book-making in the same way that others write of other arts. Sometimes, too, he writes about the books themselves, and in his anthology, *By-ways about Helicon*, he has rescued from oblivion some lovely bits of minor verse of the eighteenth century.]

HAVE you heard about the Incognitists? I had not until quite recently — until breakfast-time last Thursday, to be exact, and even then I did not realize that I had so heard of them. For upon my breakfast table I found, among other interesting matter, an envelope containing a card of invitation. At the top of the card were two lines of what I conceive to be verse: —

Things should never be what they seem;
It is the bounden duty of skim-milk to mas-
querade as cream. — SHAKESPEARE

And then came the following flattering invitation: —

The pleasure of the Company of Mr. I. A. Williams is requested at No. 935 Shawfield Street, Chelsea, next Thursday, at 5 P. M. to meet the Archbishop of Canterbury. Cocktails and Shrimps. R.S.V.P. to the Duke of Devilshire at the above address.

Need I say that I accepted?

I am bound to confess, at the risk of disappointing my ecclesiastical friends, that when on the day, and at the hour

appointed, I presented myself at No. 935 Shawfield Street, I saw no one in the least resembling the Archbishop of Canterbury, nor even anyone who seemed at the first blush to be a duke. There was, however, a thin gentleman with blue eyes and a flowing orange tie, who was talking to a lady in a pink tailor-made trimmed with sequins. There were other persons in the room — which was hung with what appeared at a first short-sight to be small etchings, arranged as for an exhibition — but the two I have mentioned seemed to be the host and hostess, for they came toward me as I entered.

I bowed.

The lady and gentleman also bowed. 'My name is Nibble, sir, Bibulus Nibble,' said the thin gentleman. 'Allow me to introduce you to Miss Euphelia Seakale, one of the originators of our movement.'

'Not *the* Seakale?' said I, deceitfully, but the moment seemed apt for a little safely vague paying of compliments.

'Indeed, sir,' replied Mr. Nibble, 'I assure you, *the* Seakale.'

Whereat we all three bowed once again, and continued a conversation, whereof I need not trouble my readers with all the initial phases. However, after a few minutes I ventured to ask when we might expect the arrival of His Grace the Archbishop.

'Oh! That!' said Miss Seakale. 'That is one of the Conventions of our Movement, the Incognitist Movement, you know.'

'Of course.'

'Everything is done *Incognito* in the Movement. We realize that, as royal personages, when they wish to travel most freely, to be their most natural and untrammelled selves, go in the guise of some other person, so should Poetry, the most regal of the Muses, ever, to be freest and truest to its inner nature, masquerade as something else. Art, in a word, must, it is evident, always travel *incognito*.'

'Now that you explain it to me,' I interjected, 'it is of course evident.'

'As Art is the Basis of Life,' continued Miss Seakale, making the capital letters almost visible with the magniloquence of her enunciation, 'therefore in our Movement every little action is done artistically — *incognito*, that is. When we wish to invite you to read some of our poems, we ask you, naturally enough, to meet the Archbishop of Canterbury, and when you arrive you find our poems, not in books, but hung framed upon the walls to look like an exhibition of pictures.'

I had indeed, by this time, noticed that what I had at first taken to be etchings were in reality fragments of writing mounted and framed.

'And further, when you come to read the poems themselves, they will strike you as resembling, not the false poems of Milton or Gray, but, in the case for instance of Bibulus Nibble's work, weekly advice to horticulturists and farmers. Indeed, some of them have appeared as such in local papers. Let us consider, as an example, this lovely and exalting piece of work.'

Whereat she led me to the wall,

where I read, in one of the frames, the following:—

AT A GLANCE

GET potato ground manured as soon as possible. New land prepared for planting potatoes may be dressed with salt.

Fill blanks among spring cabbages and hoe.

Above may be given stimulant in mild districts.

Protect spring broccoli from frost should heads be forming.

Loganberries may be given heavy mulchings of manure at this season.

The pruning of outdoor vines should not be deferred any longer.

Continue to propagate bedding geraniums by cuttings.

Partially thin and transplant autumn-sown onions and prepare beds for spring sowing.

Propagate bedding verbenas by cuttings and seeds.

Give herbaceous borders a final clearing-up.

Top-dress with farm manure hollyhocks, delphiniums, border phloxes, and roses.

When I had done admiring these beautiful lines, I ventured to ask whether it was not found hard to reach the poetry-loving public by means of these framed specimens only.

'Yes,' replied Miss Seakale, 'that is one of our great sorrows. And, alas, we have at last felt bound to sacrifice something of the strictness of our principles. We are going to publish a book, in order that we may gain adherents to our Cause. Yet even this is to be an incognitist book, in the best sense. It will, though poetry, look and read like prose, and it is to be published in Aldershot by a well-known firm of military publishers, Messrs. Chatty and Windup. Thus, we trust, it may yet bear witness to the dearest of our tenets, the Incognitism of Art, or, if you prefer it, the Modesty of the Muses.'

II. VOCABULARY

THERE was once a Man, whose parents were English, but who was born in Persia. And it happened also that his father and his mother died while he

was still a baby who could not speak. So that as he grew up he learned to speak not English but Persian.

One day, however, an English traveler

passed through the little town where the Man lived; and fell into talk with him. And the Man told him that he too was English, and how he longed to know something of the speech of his parents, and of the books they knew.

'Who,' said he, 'is the noblest of English writers?'

Then the traveler replied, 'Shakespeare,' and, being a kindly man, gave him Shakespeare's works and an English grammar, which — for otherwise this story could not exist — he, of course, had with him. And then the traveler proceeded farther on his travels, and returned no more to that town.

But the Man labored five years and five months at the English grammar and the Shakespeare, and then thought to himself: —

'I can now speak English, and will immediately visit the land of my forefathers.'

He arrived, therefore, at Waterloo Station, and going out thence into the street he saw many people, all going very busily in various directions. There was, however, also there a boy wearing a curiously wrought hat on which were the letters G. P. O., and he was going very slowly indeed, so that the Man plucked up his courage and addressed him thus: —

'Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
And therefore, goodman boy, I prithee tell —'

But, when the Man had got as far as this, he was astounded to see that the boy, looking very frightened, had taken to his heels, and was running away down the street as fast as he could go.

The Man, therefore, went farther along the street till he came to a row of merchants selling wares, such as cabbages, and oranges, and bootlaces, and clocks, from little carts drawn up by the wayside. And feeling hungry he took an orange from one little cart, at

the same time casting a silver coin at the merchant, and remarking: 'Here is a testril of me!'

Whereat the vendor, instead of answering anything about impeticosing the gratillity, was so astonished that he merely ejaculated, 'Blime!' — a word which the Man did not recollect meeting in the works of Shakespeare.

But the Man was by this time tired and eager to find some lodging for the night, so, seeing a respectable citizen in a dark-blue habit with many buttons and an egg-shaped hat, he approached him respectfully, and began: —

'Most reverend signior, may the novelty
Of this my coming to your capital
Excuse the seeming sauciness I have
In —'

But the policeman — for such he was — deciding that, as he had not so far understood one word, and thought himself unlikely to do so in the future, he had best get rid of the Man quickly, replied, with the utmost politeness: 'Straight ahead, sir, and over the bridge.'

The poor Man was sadly bewildered, but straight ahead and over the bridge he went, and after many wanderings he came to a building into which were going several people who, as they went, were talking. Several times he heard the word 'magistrate,' so he concluded, and rightly, that he had happened upon the court where were dispensed justice and advice.

So in he went, and there he saw the magistrate sitting, and to him he decided to apply.

'O wise young judge, how I do honor thee!' he began, but he got no further, for the magistrate, who was very busy, instantly ordered the police surgeon to inquire into the state of his mind; and this gentleman, after a long examination, reported that the Man's brain had been affected, apparently by attending Shakespearean productions at

the Old Vic, but that he seemed quite harmless. The magistrate, therefore, spoke firmly but kindly to the Man, and—quite forgetting that he had never been charged with anything—

told him to go away, and not to get into trouble again.

So the Man went back to Waterloo Station, and returned to Persia once more.

JOSEPH CONRAD—A MODERN ULYSSES

BY MUIRHEAD BONE

From the *Manchester Guardian*, August 6
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

[MR. BONE is a famous etcher and painter, who during the war served as one of the British official artists on the Western Front. Occasionally he returns to his father's craft and tries his hand at journalism.]

THE soul of Conrad is embodied forever in his books, but there was a formality when he spoke of himself there—an unconscious bit of formal sea-manners where a captain must always remember he is captain first, or the result of the deliberation with which he used the English language, or perhaps of the mature age at which he began to give us his confidences when so expert a psychologist could gauge all its effects on us. Whatever the reason I was not prepared for the exquisite quality of that personality as a human being—its humor, gayety, irony, and tenderness—when, after long years as a reader, I became a friend. We crossed to America together last year in the Anchor liner *Tuscania*, from Glasgow, and her captain being my brother the 'Brassbounder,' and an old friend of Conrad's, the voyage was very memorable to me.

It was the first time J. C. had been

on a large modern liner, and the handling of her had his close attention. There was a heavy head-wind against us as we cleared from Moville after taking Irish emigrants aboard, and with a pitch-dark night it was not easy getting under way again. I remember Conrad peering from the ship's high bridge and telling me we were the height of a full-rigged ship from the sea and all three decks were like an immense spread of canvas catching the wind. My brother, proud of his ship, tried artfully to trap Conrad into an admiration for her, but the mere size of modern liners gave him no pleasure. He had none of a Kiplingite enthusiasm for material powers—with him it was Man and the elements, with the apparatus always a bit inadequate.

I remember his turning back from the big engine-room—very little of it had sufficed him—and only becoming happy again talking to David, in the captain's room, of all the sailing ships and small tramp-steamers of their mutual acquaintance and what had become of them. They ran over their names most lovingly—odd or to me very ordinary names which to these two seamen for some mystic and un-

fathomable reason seemed beautiful, exactly right, and strangely appropriate, and David was able to tell Conrad most of their fates, for their fates seemed all to have been settled in one or other of the Seven Seas. The talk was an odd mixture of the traits of sailors and the traits of ships and the traits of owners, and the continual skipping from the one to the other had something baffling to the landsman. They made the discovery that one of them was master of one of the old Loch Line sailing ships when the other was first mate of another.

I was trying to draw them, talking so, and was delighted that sometimes they would sit for long in the immobile way in which people sit who are looking into the past. Then a call from the bridge above, and my brother would obediently tap out his pipe and leave us. On the bridge my brother was very careful to instruct all his officers to speak of 'Captain' Conrad, and I think it pleased him. David would not admit that with the passing of the sailing-ship training the merchant officer had declined in any way, but the two old windjammer skippers agreed that they were 'different,' and would never know a peculiar something *they* had known — and leave it at that.

The author of *The Mirror of the Sea* — which my brother said was so exact in its observation of the sea that he wanted it to be a textbook in the navigation schools — did not seem to me to spend much time on this voyage looking at seascapes, but I dare say he sized up things quickly and knew exactly what was happening without appearing to look. He would screw his head — which was deep-set on his shoulders in a very characteristic attitude — slowly round and look upward at the sky with a slightly whistling and quizzical expression which the artist in him and the seaman in him had compounded from

all the skippers and all the sea experience he had ever met. He took such attitudes quite unconsciously, but with an inimitable 'finality' which was a joy for the artist to behold. At such a moment he looked what a naval officer would call 'a wise old bird,' but one who had the humor and the artistry to be exactly right.

Our camp chairs and rugs, carefully put out every day for us, were never used, and indeed I cannot imagine him with his thickset, precise figure sprawling on a camp chair. He wearied a little of the *Tuscania's* endless decks and hamperings everywhere; accustomed to a ship where you could from the master's stand take in everything and her position on the sea with a glance of the eye, he felt here, I imagined, that he was helpless and carried along. I remember him saying: 'It is hotel life, but I don't like hotel life; and it is no improvement when it is floating.'

Four days off New York we ran into fog and, crossing the lanes of ships from Southampton and Liverpool at the same time, the captain's anxious hours set in, and after this there were no more long chats in the captain's room. Day after day on our way down to the saloon for meals Conrad would glance at the sky and tell me we should see nothing of the captain to-day. In this unendingly gray Atlantic I recalled the mutual enthusiasm with which in one of our talks the two sailors spoke of the Mediterranean — 'Deep water and no fogs!' They chanted it like a sailor's litany. One day the captain sent for us and explained the working of his ship in the fog. Though nothing could be seen of them the *Tuscania* was now one of a group of ships constantly giving their bearings to each other by wireless, and these new methods, which he had never known when at sea, interested Conrad deeply.

The fog did me a good service, for,

sharing Conrad's cabin and unable to sleep because of the foghorn set, timed for short intervals over our heads, — we had the deck 'suite', — we sat up at nights and he talked. He admired French literature, above all Anatole France; the Russians less, like the Pole he was. He told me of his sea days, of the moment when he first felt sure he would get promotion. . . . One day he had ordered the men working at the sail on deck to put it away, for he saw the weather would change, and, his order being heard by the captain below through the open skylight, Conrad heard him growl to the mate: 'That second officer knows the weather.' 'That cheered me up,' he explained. 'For he was a silent man, and I had never known before how he took me.'

Sometimes I would catch Conrad unawares, and he had that look of an eloquent orator haranguing an unseen audience which someone once suggested to me was the secret of the extraordinarily cogent and eloquent English some foreigners attain — though no one, of course, has ever risen to the heights of Conrad in this — that is, that they are always 'justifying themselves' in the choicest phrases they can, to their own minds. Conrad was a natural king among men — W. H. Hudson is the only other I have ever known who had this compelling quality. Sometimes it came on me with overwhelming force that this man had first lived a life of toil and danger and responsibility and then begun a second life as a writer — beginning before the mast again as it were. The tremendous effort of all this had certainly borne him down. It gave one a tremendous respect for him that the materials for his art had been gathered at such a cost. His fever on the Congo which weakened all his after life was what he paid for *The Heart of Darkness* — that incomparable poem of the tropics.

Once I said to him, 'Well, how now, Ulysses?' He smiled and said, 'How odd you should say that. . . . They used to call me Ulysses at Marseille in the old days. . . . They joked at me then, but I have made my voyage.' He had a great and touching admiration for 'Don Roberto' (Cunninghame Graham), and in his eyes 'Edward' (Garnett) could do no wrong. He shared in the excitement as our landfall approached, the soundings which brought up a pebble and a little sand from the Atlantic's floor, and I see his wise old head bent over the chart as David explained the successive soundings which should bring us up the submarine stair till we were before New York.

The fog had lifted, and it was a calm evening when we made our American landfall, Fire Island Lightship — Conrad's first sight of North America. We entered New York harbor at dawn next morning, and before we reached quarantine we stood on the quiet bridge looking down on the excited emigrants on the fo'c'sle below. Manhattan was rising and rising — a wonderfully beautiful rosy glitter in the sunny air. Conrad murmured, 'Like a dream.' Half his life was a waking dream, I think.

Then the 'ship reporters,' but above all the photographers, swarmed aboard. Fortunately Christopher Morley was there and interpreted Conrad to the others with the wise instinct for which he is famous. Conrad needed it. Anyone less able to 'tell a story' as a man, and to a reporter, I have never come across. Just before we berthed I soothed a cinema operator who was not pleased with his man because he would *not* 'wave his hat to the Statue of Liberty.' It was a flushed and rather angry Conrad who muttered as they all surrounded him, 'It's like a dream' — in a very different tone from that of the earlier morning.

Then came aboard his American

publisher and host Frank Doubleday, and after that the landing-stage where I caught the long queue of a Polish deputation waiting with bouquets, and it gave me a start to remember that he was not only a British seaman and one

of the greatest of English writers but a Polish notable as well. Centuries may come and go before anyone so gifted, so strange, and such a charming human being as Joseph Conrad comes this way again.

COMPULSORY GAELIC

BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

From the Irish Statesman, August 2

(DUBLIN INDEPENDENT LITERARY AND POLITICAL WEEKLY)

PERSONS: PETER, a Senator

PAUL, a Deputy

TIMOTHY, an elderly student

PETER

We will catch nothing, so I may as well listen to you. They have dynamited the fish, and several seasons will pass before there are trout enough to make a day's fishing. Let us put our rods against a tree and eat our lunch. I see Timothy coming along the river path, and I do not suppose he has had any better luck. While I am making the fire, you can explain that incredible doctrine of yours.

PAUL

Which doctrine? For I have a number which you consider incredible.

PETER

I mean what you said in the train, when you told me that you were about to vote scholarships or something of that kind for Gaelic speakers.

PAUL

Our general culture cannot be better than that of the English-speaking world as a whole, and is more likely to be worse. We are on the banks of a river

that flows through an industrial town and bathe in its waters. But visit certain small nations—one of the Scandinavian nations, let us say—and you will notice at once that not only education but general well-being is better distributed there; and when you ask how they manage it somebody says, 'Our people are so few that we can reach everybody.' Everybody you meet speaks several languages well enough for commercial purposes and travel, but only one well enough for intimacy. Kings, nobles, farmers, professional men, socialists and reactionaries, novelists and poets grow up with a common life, from which nothing can separate them. Their rich or able men seldom drift away permanently, for if they find themselves in London or New York or Paris they feel but strangers there. They may perhaps be less rich than men of equal ability, who belong to some English-speaking nation, and so manipulate greater resources, material or living, but their ability or their riches create in their own country a habit of energy and a tradition of well-being. No bond constrains, because no man compels;

they but accept a limitation like that imposed upon a sculptor by the stone in which he works. Would not Ireland have gained if Mr. Bernard Shaw and Oscar Wilde, let us say, and the various Ryans and O'Briens who have enriched America, had grown up with such a limitation, and thought they were strangers everywhere but in Ireland? Then too I could discover with a little research the names of actors and singers who might at this moment be performing in some Dublin State Theatre or State Opera House, but for the damnable convenience of the English tongue.

PETER

If we have no State Theatre or State Opera House, we have the Abbey Theatre, and have all commended *Juno and the Paycock*.

PAUL

We may keep the author of the play, but how long shall we keep the players that give it so great a part of its life? A great Empire buys every talent that it can use and for the most part spoils what it buys. If we keep a good comedian, it is generally because his art, being an art of dialect, interests few but ourselves. A play called *Peg o' My Heart*, — a stage mechanism without literary value, — because it contained one dialect part, robbed the Abbey Theatre of four actresses, and almost brought it to an end. If they had been bound to Ireland by a separate language, they would not have gone, they would not have desired to go.

PETER

You mean that if enforced bonds make hatred those that are obeyed, though not enforced, make love.

PAUL

Norway could never have created the greatest dramatic school of modern

times if it had spoken a world-wide language.

PETER

But surely a nation like Ireland or Norway should be able to pay an actress enough to keep her at home in comfort.

PAUL

World-wide commercial interests exploit whatever form of expression appeals to the largest possible audience — that is to say, some inferior form — and will always purchase executive talent. The chief actress of Norway, some few years ago, had to threaten to stop acting altogether to get her salary raised from £200 a year. If she had spoken English she could have earned more than that in a week at some English or American music-hall.

PETER

Your point seems to be that no nation can prosper unless it uses for itself the greater portion of its talent.

PAUL

I am not thinking only of talent. The greater part of its creative life — that of the woman of fashion, not less than that of the founder of a business or of a school of thought, should be the jet of a fountain that falls into the basin where it rose.

PETER

That may or may not be true, but what has it to do with practical affairs? I have heard a man discuss for an hour what would have happened if the library of Alexandria had never been burned, and another bored me through a windy day on an outside car by describing what Europe might have been if Constantinople had never fallen. The Irish language can never again be the language of the whole people.

PAUL

Why not?

PETER

Because the Irish people will not consent that it should, having set their hearts on Glasgow and New York.

PAUL

We shall have to go slowly, making our converts man by man, and yet Ireland should become bilingual in three generations.

PETER

Those three generations may be the most important since the foundation of Christianity. Architecture and all the arts associated with architecture are being reborn as though to express a new perception of the interdependence of man. Drama and poetry are once more casting out photography, becoming psychological and creative. The experimental verification of a mathematical research — research made possible by the Irishman Rowan Hamilton — has changed the universe into a mathematical formula, and a formula so astounding that it can but alter every thought in our heads. Psychical research interpreted by that formula in thirty years will once more set man's soul above time and change, and make it necessary to reconsider every secular activity. Nations are made neither by language nor by frontier, but by a decision taken in some crisis of intellectual excitement like that which Italy took at the Renaissance, Germany at the Reformation — moments of fusion followed by centuries of cooling and hardening. The whole world draws to such a crisis, and you would cut Ireland off from Europe and plunge it into a controversy that will be incredibly bitter, because it can be fought without ideas and without education.

PAUL

I see no reason why the Gaelic movement should cut Ireland off from Europe, and I have never spoken a bitter word about an opponent.

PETER

I know a man who, after certain years of dependence in a great house, has set up as a picture-framer in a country town. He employs a young man, poverty-stricken like himself at the same age, and, though this young man is as well educated as himself, compels him to take his meals in the kitchen with the servants. The great house had not driven him to the kitchen, but his offended dignity has demanded an offering. Spinoza thought that nations were like individuals, and that it was no use pulling down a tyrant, for a tyrant is what he is because of something in the nation. 'Look at the people of England,' he said, or some such words. 'They have pulled down Charles, but have had to push up Cromwell in his place.' Can you read an Irish propagandist newspaper, all those threatenings and compellings, and not see that a servitude, far longer than any England has known, has bred into Irish bones a stronger subconscious desire than England ever knew to enslave and to be enslaved? There is no public emotion in the country but resentment, and no man thinks that he serves his cause who does not employ that emotion. If we praise, the praise is unreal, and but given to some reflection of ourselves, but our vituperation is animated and even joyous. We think it effeminate to trust in eloquence and patience, and prefer to make men servile, rather than permit their opinions to differ from our own, and if there is a man notable for intellect and sincerity we fit some base motive to his every act that he may not prevail against us. We had eloquence some hundred years ago, and had, it seems, when we spoke in Gaelic, popular poetry, but now we have neither — possessing indeed every quality of the Negro but his music. We were a proud people once, but have

grown so humble that we have no method of speech or propaganda that the knave cannot use and the dunce understand.

PAUL

There are a great many people in this country who neither threaten nor impute base motives, and besides what you say, in so far as it is true, describes half the democracy of Europe.

PETER

Yes, all those who have pulled down a tyrant and would put another in his place.

PAUL

All this passion means, I suppose, that you object to our teaching Gaelic to those who do not want it.

PETER

I object to every action which reminds me of a mediæval humorist compelling a Jew to eat bacon. Especially as in this case Jew compels Jew.

PAUL

Yet, if a Government can enforce Latin it has a right to enforce Gaelic.

PETER

I do not deny the right, but I deny that it should be employed in this country except within the narrowest limits.

PAUL

Ruskin once contended that reading and writing should be optional, because what a fool reads does himself harm, and what a fool writes does others harm. That may be a convincing argument, but as our Government accepts the modern theory I do not see why Gaelic should not be compulsory also. I have had nothing to do with that, however. My work, if I have a work, is to keep it from stupefying. I want the Government to accept the recommendation of the Senate and spend £5000 a year on Gaelic scholarship; to train a small number of

highly efficient teachers of the living tongue, who should have general European culture; to found scholarships for the best pupils of those teachers; to endow a theatre with a Gaelic and English company, and to make Gaelic an instrument of European culture. There is already a Gaelic company performing Chekhov, and there is much European literature, especially that of countries like Spain and Italy, which have a long-settled peasantry, that would go better into Gaelic than into English. After all, Sancho Panza is very nearly a Munster farmer. I want the Government to find money for translation by ceasing to print Acts in Gaelic that everybody reads in English.

PETER

As soon as a play or book is translated, which goes deep into human life, it will be denounced for immorality or irreligion. Certain of our powerful men advocate Gaelic that they may keep out the European mind. They know that if they do not build a wall this country will plunge, as Europe is plunging, into philosophic speculation. They hope to put into every place of authority a Gaelic speaker and, if possible, a native speaker, who has learned all he knows at his mother's knee.

PAUL

I have always opposed the making of Irish obligatory for any post not connected with the language. I want everywhere the best man with the knowledge appropriate to his post.

PETER

Once you make Gaelic a political question you are helpless. They have made it obligatory, and will continue to do so.

PAUL

That will last a few years. We are all new to public life, but the choice

between wisdom and fanaticism will be good for our intelligence.

PETER

We are agreed that the future of Ireland depends upon the choice.

PAUL

If Gaelic cannot become as I would make it, a disturbing intellectual force, it means —

PETER

A little potato-digging Republic.

PAUL

No, but Ireland a dull schoolbook, consequent apathy and final absorption in the British Empire.

PETER

You are ready to chance all that?

PAUL

I believe in the intellectual force created by years of conflict as by a flint and steel.

[*They are joined by TIMOTHY.*]

TIMOTHY

I see that you have the kettle boiling.

PAUL

Had you any luck?

TIMOTHY

Not a rise, but I saw some good fish floating with their bellies up. I am glad to sit down, for I am old enough to grow tired standing with a useless rod in my hand. What were you disputing about? Peter, you looked a moment ago as if you would fling the kettle into Paul's face, and Paul's face is red.

PETER

At present we speak English and Gaelic is compulsory in the schools, but Paul wants us to speak Gaelic and make English compulsory in the schools, and I am not sufficiently attracted by the change to plunge the country into a permanent condition of bad manners.

TIMOTHY

Whatever imagination we have in Ireland to-day, we owe to Gaelic literature or to the effect of Gaelic speech upon the English language. Think of the dialect plays of Synge and of Lady Gregory — of Lady Gregory's translations of the stories of Fionn and of Cuchulainn, which have given new classics to the English tongue. I can read a little Gaelic, but I often think I would give some years of life if I could read in the original one of those old poems translated by Kuno Meyer, and the lamentations of Deirdre, and read well enough to feel the quality of their style. We can only feel the full beauty of a poem in another language when we can understand without translating as we read, when we can become for the time being a Frenchman, a German, or a Gael, and I sometimes wonder if that is really possible. Those lamentations of Deirdre have a poignancy unlike anything in any other European tongue. Surely, there must be something in the vocabulary, in the cadence, corresponding to it, and when I think that these poems were written in this country, and by and about its people, it seems to me unbearable that I should be shut out, or partly shut out, from it all.

PAUL

Then you want to make Gaelic the language of the country?

TIMOTHY

But, Paul, I am so uncertain about everything, and there is so much to be said upon every side. English literature is, perhaps, the greatest in the world, and I am not in politics. If I were in politics I would have to be certain, whereas I am an elderly student. I cannot even call myself a scholar, for I know nothing properly. Politics are a roulette wheel with various colors, and if a man is to take a part in the

game he must choose. If he prefers some color that is not there, or if he be quite undecided, he must put that away and bang down his money firmly. So Peter must oppose the Gaelic movement and you must defend it.

PAUL

If Ireland gives up Gaelic, it will soon be a suburb of New York.

PETER

Like somebody in Shakespeare, I think nobly of the soul and refuse to admit that the soul of man or nation is as dependent upon circumstance as all that.

TIMOTHY

I have held both opinions in the same hour, perhaps in the same minute. It sometimes seems to me too that there must be a kind of politics where one need not be certain. After all, imitation is automatic, but creation moves in a continual uncertainty. If we were certain of the future, who would trouble to create it?

PAUL

I cannot see any means whereby a Parliament can pass uncertainty into law.

TIMOTHY

I have no practical experience, but perhaps it might be possible to choose a schoolmaster as we choose a painter or a sculptor. 'There is So-and-So,' we would say, 'who thinks that Ireland should be Gaelic-speaking, and because he is a very able, cultivated, and learned man we will give him a school and let him teach. We ourselves think that he may be wrong, but, after all, what does anybody know about it?' I think the knowledge of the Greek language must have come to Renaissance Italy in much that way. No two men, perhaps, would have agreed about its future. To some it means a better

knowledge of the New Testament, and to others — some at the Platonic Academy of Florence, for instance — a reëstablished worship of the Homeric gods. I am not sure that I like the idea of a State with a definite purpose, and there are moments — unpractical moments, perhaps — when I think that the State should leave the mind free to create. I think Aristotle defined the soul as that which moves itself, and how can it move itself if everything is arranged beforehand?

PETER

Do you mean to say that you would appoint a schoolmaster, not only to teach Irish, but that it must be the living language of Ireland, although you thought what he attempted neither desirable nor possible?

TIMOTHY

Perhaps neither desirable nor possible, but remember I would not appoint him if I did not like him, and because I have always liked Peter, if he wanted to teach that English was the only proper language for the Irish people, I would appoint him also. I generally dislike the people of Ulster, and want to keep them out, — when I was in Belfast a few years ago they had only one bookshop, — but I am told the Government wants to bring them in, so it might be well to give a school to some likable Orangeman and let him teach Orangeism there. In fact, I am almost certain that the Education Office that would please me best would choose schoolmasters much as a good hostess chooses her guests. It should never invite anybody to teach who is a bore or in any way disagreeable.

PETER

Timothy, you have not shed any light upon the subject.

PAUL

None whatever.

HOW THE GERM GROWS UP

BY JULIAN S. HUXLEY

From the *Manchester Guardian*, May 21
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

WHAT makes the formless egg or germ become organized into the fully developed animal or plant — in other words, what is the cause of embryonic differentiation? That is at present one of the most difficult questions of biology. A discovery of far-reaching importance, which may well prove as fundamental in the field of development as did the discovery of the circulation of the blood in physiology, or of segregation in genetics, has recently been made by the German zoölogist Spemann.

In the course of a long series of painstaking researches upon the development of the newt he has perfected a technique which enables him to play the most amazing tricks upon the eggs and embryos. For instance, one of his pupils, Mangold, has been able to unite two developing eggs of two different species of newt into one, which proceeded to develop into a single normal embryo in spite of its chimeric composition!

Spemann himself, however, has been able to discover something more fundamental — to wit, the cause of differentiation. The fertilized egg of a newt, like that of most other animals, at first consists of a round mass of living substance containing a nucleus, and laden with a considerable quantity of yolk and other material destined for the needs of the embryo which will develop from it. No definite structure even remotely resembling that of the adult is to be seen; the various substances, such as yolk, fat, and so forth, which are

often more dense at one pole than at the other, seem only to be raw materials for the constructive processes which are to take place later.

The next step is the division of the egg into two, four, eight, and so on till several dozen or (in the newt) several hundred small cells have been produced from the original large one. Then, in the newt and other amphibia, a new process occurs. At one place near the equator of the egg, the smaller, less yolk-laden cells begin to multiply more rapidly and to grow down as a fold or flap over the larger yolk cells. The inflection, so to speak, spreads sideways; so that as the fold extends downward it enlarges laterally, its free edge becoming at first crescentic, then semicircular, then horseshoe shaped, and finally circular. The circle diminishes until at last the whole of the yolk part has been overgrown. The edge of the fold is called the lip of the blastopore.

Directly after this the first signs of differentiation become apparent. The side on which the fold first appeared becomes the back, for here appears a thickening which soon becomes converted into the rudiment of the brain and spinal cord. Below this the notochord, forerunner of the backbone, is formed, and on either side the rudiments of the muscles. The cavity of the digestive tube appears below the notochord, and the kidneys on either side. In a very short time the rudiments of all the chief organs of the future tadpole are blocked out: differentiation

has started, and, once started, continues to its appointed end.

What starts this process of differentiation? Years ago Spemann had shown that, if the developing egg was divided in two so that both halves contained some of the region where the fold first started, — the dorsal-lip region, — the result was two normally formed tadpoles (artificial twins, if you will); but if the division ran so that one half contained all, the other none of the dorsal-lip region, only the former would produce an embryo, while the latter, after reaching the stage just prior to differentiation, never progressed any further.

This pointed to the dorsal lip being causally concerned in the process. To prove this causal connection, Spemann freed two developing eggs from their protecting membranes, and then, by a triumph of microscopic surgery, removed a small piece of the dorsal-lip region of one, *a*, and grafted it into a prepared wound of the same size in some other region of the other, *b*. The result was that *b* developed not only a normal series of main organs in connection with its own dorsal lip, but a second set in connection with the engrafted lip, in whatever abnormal position this might have been put.

This was startling enough in itself; but he went further. He grafted the dorsal lip of one species of newt into the flank region of the egg of another species. The tissues of the two species were differently pigmented, so that the extent of the tissues directly derived from the graft could later be determined. It might reasonably have been supposed that the new, abnormally situated set of main organs was derived from the multiplication of the cells of

the graft. This, however, proved not to be the case. Most of these organs were derived from tissues of the host. In other words, the engrafted dorsal lip had influenced the surrounding tissues so that they had formed brain, notochord, muscles, and so forth. It had been like Mother Carey in Kingsley's *Water Babies*, who 'made things make themselves.' Spemann calls such a region an *Organisator*: perhaps 'differentiator' would be the best English equivalent.

How the differentiator makes cells differentiate is another question. What is at least suggestive in this connection is the fact that the cells of the dorsal lip at the time of its formation and down-growth are the most actively reproducing of all the cells in the germ; and it is natural and probably correct to suppose that this very activity is in some way responsible for their power over the other cells.

Those who like analogies — 'loose types of things through all degrees' — will also doubtless observe that a parallel can be found in human affairs, where the genius or inventor or man of great mental activity causes the host of average men to work along the lines which he has in a sense prescribed to them.

But whatever the exact mode of action of our embryonic Mother Carey may ultimately prove to be, the first step has been taken, and the secret of differentiation pinned down to a definite part of the developing egg. Given this beginning, we may reasonably hope that the science of developmental physiology may in fifty years' time be as coherent and well organized as that of genetics or even comparative anatomy is to-day.

A PAGE OF VERSE

SONG FOR A TRAVELER

BY ALLISON

[University College *Poems*, 1923-1924]

WEEP not for me, weep not,
The Fates must have their say;
Look not for me, look not,
I come no more this way,
The door swings,
And the wind sings,
And the fire goes out with day.
Fear not for me, fear not,
I lie here never again;
Breathe not one sigh for parting
Nor break the yew for pain,
Clouds race
On the pools' face,
And the long hills wait for rain.

LINES

BY LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE

[*Observer*]

Oh! delicate pale days,
So cobweb-like and fine,
And solitary ways
Of fancy which are mine;

How quietly these things
Reflected lie in me,
Like a gull's noiseless wings
Upon a sunlit sea.

SHADOW THY DREAM

BY WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

[*Saturday Review*]

SHADOW thy dream with shapes of earth
Lest it too swiftly fade,
For rarely beauty comes to birth,
Rarely for man or maid;

Or if 't is born, ah, the sad plight!
It will itself consume,
Even as a fire's triumphant light
Torches its ashen doom.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

MAPPING NORTHERN GREENLAND

To protect its Eskimo subjects from the twin evils of civilization, drink and disease, the Danish Government has kept such close guard over most of Greenland that even now little is known of its topography. The last number of the English scientific monthly, *Discovery*, prints an interesting article by Mr. H. T. Shepstone describing the adventurous exploration of Dr. Lauge Koch, whose map-making expedition took him 3600 miles over ice of the most dangerous sort, and resulted in a survey of unmapped parts of the coast.

The expedition was financed from both public and private funds. Its chief, Dr. Koch, has spent eight years in Greenland engaged in exploration and other scientific work, and was a member of Knut Rasmussen's second expedition which filled the gaps in the map of the east coast as far as the De Long Fjord. Dr. Koch set out to carry the survey clear up to Cape Bridgman, in the remotest part of Peary Land. His expedition started out in March 1921 with nineteen sledges, two hundred dogs, a few tried and tested Eskimos, and Dr. Koch himself, the only European. Most of the time the temperature stood at 40° below zero. At Etah five sledges had to be sent back. At Fort Conger on Grand Lake the party picked up provisions which had been left the year before by Captain Roald Amundsen. The expedition pushed on to 80° north latitude, where the auxiliary sledges were sent back to the base and the number was cut down to four men, three sledges, and thirty-two dogs. Four days later they passed the most northerly point that the Rasmussen expedition had reached in

1917. Here they divided, two Eskimos being sent off to hunt and accumulate fresh meat, while Dr. Koch and a single Eskimo went up the coast to survey. The mapping was finished on the morning of Whitsunday on the latitude of 83° 5". It was the most northerly point ever reached by the Danish flag.

The return journey was perilous, the hunting expedition having secured nothing but fifty-three hares and a wolf. They ran into a snowstorm which lasted a fortnight, exhausted most of their provisions, and were forced to pull on the ropes to assist what dogs were left. When things were at their worst they ran into a herd of musk oxen and replenished their supplies. The entire expedition was nearly wiped out in crossing the Petermann glacier, but came through with all their men, though by this time only four dogs were left. A heavy gale from the north enabled them to hoist sails on their sledges and skim over the ice to a point where they could see their heap of reserve provisions through their field glasses. One of the dogs died of starvation within sight of the food.

Dr. Koch regards his geological results as very important. He has brought back four thousand geological specimens, including animal fossils dating from very early periods, and both European and Western-American forms. The public, however, will probably regard his map-making as his most important work.

*

SUMMER OPERA

BAYREUTH, Munich, and Vienna have vied with one another this summer in their opera seasons. At Bayreuth the semiofficial, semisacred production of the Ring was carried out with extraor-

dinary perfection in some respects, marred by extraordinary flaws in details where one might have looked for something on a par with the whole. The Bayreuth conductor was Herr Hans Bahling, who is universally lauded for the extraordinary tone and perfect accuracy which he and his players achieved. The critic Max Marschall writes from Bayreuth to *Die Vossische Zeitung* in Berlin; 'Bahling is an orchestral conductor who demands the utmost in perfect and subdued tone, yet brings out each detail with perfect clarity and unusual emotional liveliness.'

Sad to say, however, not all the singers were up to the high standard of the chorus and orchestra. Herr Eduard Habich, who has an English as well as a German reputation, sang Alberich with great success. London critics wired their praises home, and Herr Marschall declares his Alberich '*famos*.' Herr Lorenz Melchior received high praise from some critics as Siegmund, but Herr Marschall insists that his inclusion in the cast was 'a dangerous experiment, and experiments — especially dangerous ones — are the last thing that the director of a festival production ought to attempt.' There were complaints that the Brunnhilda, Fräulein Olga Blomé, was simply not capable of her task. The stage mechanisms of the nineteenth century — which are gradually becoming offensive to audiences accustomed to modern methods that leave more to the imagination and yet demand less credulity of the spectator — somewhat marred the performance.

At Munich there was a distinct feeling of competition with Bayreuth. In contrast with the stern economy of Wagner's theatre, the Prinz Regenten Theater in Munich is a sumptuous opera-house, but with acoustics which scarcely compare with those that Wagner achieved, whether by good luck or

good management, in his own famous but unpretentious theatre. The chorus and orchestra are said to have fallen below the standard of Bayreuth, although the conductor, Herr Hans Knappertsbusch, is not without praise from the critics. Some of the singers, particularly Herr Joseph Geiss as Beckmesser, are accused of descending to mere buffoonery. Yet an English critic telegraphs that Geiss 'gave an extraordinarily good performance.'

In Vienna Mascagni conducted a performance of *Aïda* out of doors before an audience of more than twenty thousand. In spite of acoustic difficulties that seem almost insurmountable, it is said that not even the pianissimo parts of the overture were lost and that Zenatello's voice filled the whole amphitheatre.

Mascagni has been asked to go to England, but complains that 'the impressarios always ask me to conduct *Cavalleria Rusticana*. My other children are never asked for. On these terms I refuse to go. If they will listen to my beloved *Iris* and the *Piccola Mara* I will gladly go.' At Vienna the secret leaked out that he is contemplating a return to composition and that the Opéra Comique in Paris has engaged him to do a new opera which is based on a novel of Émile Bergerat. A French playwright is now at work on the book. The title is to be *Plus que Reine*.

*

RAISING CALIGULA'S GALLEYS

At the bottom of Lake Nemi, in the heart of the Alban Hills, where once stood a famous sanctuary and grove of Diana, lie two galleys which were fitted out as floating palaces of pleasure for the Roman Emperor Caligula. Their magnificence was beyond even the most palatial yacht of to-day. Incrusted with marbles, ornamented with

precious metals and painted woods, adorned with statuary, with sails of the finest linen and hangings woven of silver and gold, they served the luxurious Emperor until his death. His successor, who appears to have taken no interest in them, allowed these exquisite vessels to rot until they finally sank.

To this day, when the water is very clear and still, one may look down and see their outlines. Attempt after attempt has been made to raise the galleys, and more than a hundred books and pamphlets have been written about them. The last attempt was made in 1895, when the Minister of Public Instruction sent divers down. The galleys remained immovable, but some of their contents were brought up, among them beautifully modeled bronze heads of animals.

A new scheme now being proposed is to draw off the water of the lake until the vessels are exposed to view. The British salvage companies engaged in raising the German fleet at Scapa Flow find great difficulty because of the way in which the craft have settled in the mud. If this is true after five years of immersion, it is easy to imagine the condition of Caligula's galleys after nineteen centuries. The process will be difficult and costly and may yet be abandoned, as not all the Italian authorities concerned are in favor of it.

*

A NEW GAME

GAMES at the expense of the harmless outsider have been oddly popular in England for the last year or two. At first it was 'beaver,' in which the players scored on the beards of the people they passed. Later it became 'tortoise' and the unfortunates condemned to tortoise-shell spectacles were the victims — Americans barred, not as a matter of international courtesy, but

because it is popularly believed in England that all Americans wear them.

Now the game has taken a different form. You play it on the top of the London bus. The players go in pairs, and by conversing loud enough to be heard — which is scarcely an English habit — endeavor to lure their fellow travelers into correcting the blunders that they purposely make. For example, as the bus hums past Hyde Park Corner, one player turns and remarks to his partner, who sits far enough off to justify a distinctly audible tone: 'Look, that is the Marble Arch and here is Kensington Gardens.' And as the bus passes Burlington House he exclaims: 'Here we are at the War Office.' If any good Samaritan is tricked into correcting this erroneous information, the first player scores. If, however, the correcter himself makes a mistake, his tormentor wins the whole game.

*

ANOTHER HAMLET

UNDER the direction of that veteran of Elizabethan revivals, Mr. William Poel, *Der bestrafte Brudermord*, the perplexing seventeenth-century German version of *Hamlet*, has just had what must certainly be its first production in two hundred years, at the Oxford Playhouse in London. However dispute may rage about this puzzling and very badly botched tragedy, one thing is quite certain — it is obviously the fruit of tours through Germany by traveling companies of English players. Only in recent years have we begun to understand how widely the London dramatic companies wandered on the Continent when theatrical prospects in their native London were bad. They got as far south as Vienna, traces of them appear all over Germany, and when an unique quarto of *Titus Andronicus* turned up in Sweden a few years

ago it began to look as if they went as far north as they could well go.

Since their Continental audiences did not understand English, and since few of the players themselves understood the languages of the countries that they toured, the standard English plays which they brought over had to be greatly modified. If they did not become pure pantomimes, they came very near it.

Though no one would be rash enough to venture a positive assertion, *Der bestrafte Brudermord* is probably nothing more nor less than Shakespeare's *Hamlet* after having been mercilessly modified to suit the changed conditions of performance. There is, however, one other possibility. It is pretty certain that an earlier *Hamlet* existed, which it is at least reasonable to suppose was written by Thomas Kyd. *Der bestrafte Brudermord* may be related to this play rather than to Shakespeare, or it is even possible that all three are independently related to a common source.

However that may be, *Der bestrafte Brudermord*, as it was revealed at the Oxford Playhouse by Mr. Poel's company, seemed like a mad but entertaining parody of the great tragedy. Here were practically all of Shakespeare's materials, but strung together in an appalling confusion, without dramatic relation or continuity. Hamlet upbraids Ophelia with an edifying story about an unfortunate man who married a wife not knowing that one eye, all of her teeth, and her complexion were false. Bandits are commissioned to slay the melancholy Dane, who adroitly tricks them into shooting one another by kneeling suddenly as he signals them to fire. Hamlet still talks with the players, but his lecture on histrionic art is replaced by practical

inquiries as to their needs of timber and costume.

The adapter has not even tried to write blank verse, but has descended into the crudest of prose. Philosophy, proverb, epigram, and cynicism have all vanished — for after all they would have been hard for the strolling players to convey to a foreign audience, in a half-understood language eked out by gesture.



PAJAMAS AND THE YUGOSLAV

THEY have been introducing pajamas in Belgrade, and the puzzled Yugoslavs have not taken kindly to them, according to the *London Observer*. This is partly because the lunatic asylum at the Yugoslav capital long ago adopted pajamas as the normal attire of its inmates, so that the ordinary citizen's reluctance to don 'modern night-dress' was at least comprehensible.

One hot night this summer, however, one greatly daring youth ventured out of his garden and a little way down the street clad in the novel night-attire. A passing policeman instantly arrested him as an escaped lunatic, his suspicions being confirmed by the fact that the unfortunate prisoner — this also is comprehensible — had no identification papers in his pajama pocket. The young man spent the night in the cells, and when he was taken to police court the next morning, wishing to avoid recognition, he begged that a wastebasket be placed over his head.

The spectacle of the alleged lunatic, clad in pajamas and helmeted with a wastebasket, solemnly marched to court between gendarmes armed with long and fierce-looking bayonets, greatly edified the less serious-minded of Belgrade's citizens.

BOOKS ABROAD

Poems, 1923-1924. University College, London. Oxford: Blackwell, 1924. 2s. 6d.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

Of several recent collections of university verse this is the smallest and in many ways the best. Most of its contributors have some distinctively individual emotion to express, have the craft to express it adequately, often too with that brimming adequacy which is beauty. The whole atmosphere of the book is fresh; it does not pretend to sophistication or a precocious wit, and there is nowhere a hint of tired townishness. We have here that rare phenomenon of youth being entirely natural in its art, youth at one with earth and sea and the fitful seasons, confessing gallantly to simple loyalties and cleanly human relationships, murmuring a requiem over a lost ideal, pleading the wisdom of its ignorance and occasionally, as it must, slashing at ugliness with a cold intolerance that has yet to learn pity through pain. There are inevitable weaknesses, abstractions such as 'Virginal spring in her grace of pale greenness,' and a few stray fairies that we could do without. But the artistic sincerity as a whole is remarkable.

[A poem from this book appears on A Page of Verse.]

Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Hungary, by Oskar Jászi. London: King, 1924. 15s.

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Hungary is the tragedy of a moderate reformer. The policy advocated by Michael Karolyi would undoubtedly have been the best for Hungary, had the country been enlightened enough to accept it. Its first principle was the redistribution of the land among the people — a principle which was only put into practice to the extent of dividing Karolyi's own estate. Another ideal at which Dr. Jászi had been aiming for years was a peaceful solution of the racial problems in Hungary. His plan was to give the fullest possible freedom of development to the non-Magyar populations. He sought to see all the Danubian peoples united in an equal federation on the model of Switzerland, and as Minister of Nationalities in the Karolyi Government he tried to work toward this end. The times were unpropitious, and they have since become still more so. Dr. Jászi's scheme, like that other dream of a Balkan federation, will probably have to wait many years before its excellence is recognized.

The Bolshevik revolution came before Karol-

yi's Government had been fairly tested in action, and there was barely time for Bela Kun to demonstrate the defects of practical Communism before he too was driven out by Horthy and Bethlen. Dr. Jászi exposes the weakness of Bela Kun's policy — an attempt to communize the land in a country where 'land-hunger' is the consuming passion of the whole population. The Bolsheviks, by turning the old feudal domains into State concerns, simply preserved them intact for the return of their former owners after the White Revolution. The proletariat, whom they had come to set free, were deprived even of the slight advantages which Karolyi had managed to secure for them before his fall. In his criticisms of the White Government Dr. Jászi prejudices his own case by the violence of his statements. The most sympathetic reader would rather draw his own conclusions from a straightforward account of Horthy's measures than be given extracts from each with a preface and lavish commentary on the real intentions concealed beneath the text.

The Awakening of Italy: The Fascista Regeneration. By Luigi Villari. London: Methuen, 1924, 10s. 6d.

[Ralph Straus in the *Sunday Times*]

PROPHECY is notoriously a dangerous game, but certain rules for its play may be commended, the most important and simplest of which states that the future depends on the past. What, then, is this Fascismo exactly, how did it come into existence, and why has it succeeded? It is to reply to these three questions in detail that Signor Villari has written his book.

It must be said at once that the book is the work of a partisan, but of a partisan who is willing enough to see two sides of a question. The supporters of a movement like Fascismo are often accused of unfairness, inasmuch as they will favor unconstitutional methods when it suits their convenience, and cry out to the heavens when their opponents follow their example. That is possibly true, but in an age when political principles so easily degenerate into political prejudices, and when loyalties are in the melting-pot, it is good to look first at results. That Fascismo saved Italy from chaos no one can doubt, and it is equally certain that no other political movement could have achieved success.

Signor Villari is not the first man to attempt a detailed explanation of that success, but few other writers have succeeded in making the changing position of affairs so clear. At a time,

according to him, when under the old régime each Government seemed eager to allow all political power to slip away from it, only an ideal which embraced real authority could hope to achieve anything at all. Such an ideal, if not actually brought to birth in a moment, Minerva-like, in the brain of one single genius, was so nearly the invention of Mussolini that to him alone must be accorded the title of savior. At the same time, it is to be remembered that there were movements already afoot in a distracted country even before Mussolini's name was known outside his immediate circle, and it is just here that Signor Villari's book will be of such particular interest to English readers.

Naturally, it was written before the recent volcanic affair, of whose coming there is hardly a hint, but it brings the story of Fascismo down to the April elections, discusses the difficulties which any 'new conception of constitutional government' must necessarily meet with, and points with a pardonable pride to the results which have already been achieved. There will, no doubt, be political students ready to accuse the author of too easy an optimism, and that uncomfortable word 'propaganda' may occasionally lurk near their lips, but even they must acknowledge that Signor Villari's essay is both moderate in tone and built up judiciously from materials gathered together with unusual care.

Tamplin's Tales of His Family, by Barry Pain.
London: Laurie, 1924. 1s. 6d.

[*New Statesman*]

MR. BARRY PAIN's humor is at its lightest and most irresponsible in these tales told by Mr. Tamplin, the bootmaker, to his acquaintance, Mr. Ernest Kemp, the visiting music-master, over their lunch at the Red Lion. Mr. Tamplin, for all his absurdity, is real as the country which, alone among the nations, produces this astonishing type. Infinite in superficial variety are our Mr. Tamplins, but one in the fundamentals of character. Pompous, consequential, dictatorial, shrewd and stupid, vain and greedy, good-natured and even generous on occasion, and always with the gift of inconsequent dialectic, the Tamplins are the backbones of the society in which they move, but it takes a humorist to see them for what they are. Mr. Kemp also is real, but there are not so many Mr. Kemps, for he is an artist, thwarted and stunted, but still an artist. Obviously, as his creator saw, it is to an artist that Mr. Tamplin must talk if the full relish of his absurdity is to be savored. He must talk, moreover, to someone sincere and simple and a little absent-minded. Mr. Kemp is all that, continually puzzled by the working of Mr.

Tamplin's mind, but always considerate and polite, a good, because an interested, listener.

Mr. Tamplin talks on and on, and of the funniest things, without any suspicion that they are funny, for that is the essence of the Tamplin type, and that is the reason why to the humorist it is treasure-trove. Mr. Tamplin's story of his little girl's 'ipsolitis' is very amusing; a disease unknown to the faculty, but diagnosed at once and treated successfully by a gentleman supposed at the time to be a medical man, but turning out, in the end, to be the real doctor's patient waiting transference to an asylum. Capital, too, is the story of Teresa's double life.

Each of Mr. Tamplin's relatives as he introduces them casually to Mr. Kemp over the luncheon table has some endearing quality, or has had some remarkable experience, which in Mr. Tamplin's impressionist, inconsequent, and broken narrative is transmuted into fun.

Picasso, by Jean Cocteau. Paris: Librairie Stock, 1924.

[*Le Disque Vert*]

THIS little book, written in the form of an essay, consists of a series of swift, concise opinions on the work and talent of Picasso. In the compressed, alert style which Cocteau affects and which recalls *Le Secret Professionnel*, it is perhaps the one study which will make us best understand the elusive artistry of Picasso and the suggestions of the writer, who sets us upon the right track in judging an artistic achievement the fullness of whose immense significance it is not yet possible to judge. Picasso happily has not finished surprising us or convincing us.

Somewhat in the way people do in popular novels, he disappears and turns up again quite suddenly, each time with a new direct method whose full significance one does not instantly perceive. Once he has struck his mark, it is not to be effaced.

BOOKS MENTIONED

ASQUITH, MARGOT. *An Autobiography*. New York: Doran, 1920. 2 vols. \$7.50.

CHURCHILL, WINSTON SPENCER. *The World Crisis*. New York: Scribners, 1923. 2 vols. \$6.50 each.

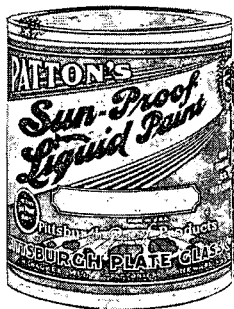
HENDRICK, BURTON J. *Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page*. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1922. 2 vols. \$10.00.

HUTCHINSON, A. S. M. *If Winter Comes*. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1921. \$2.00.

WELLS, H. G. *Mr. Brilling Sees It Through*. New York: Macmillan, 1916. \$2.50.

Paint

Sun-Proof Paint



Protect **NOW**

against burning sun and pelting rain

WHAT a satisfaction when the painters have left and your home is resplendent in its new coat of Sun-Proof! How fresh, how clean, how much younger it looks!

But the greater satisfaction is your feeling of safety. Your home is protected. There will be no blisters in that coat of paint — no crevices for wet to creep in and decay to get at the structure beneath.

Sun-Proof Paint is elastic. It stretches and contracts with heat and cold. It is economical to use.

Sun-Proof Paint is one of the Pittsburgh Proof Products, manufactured by the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company. There is a Pittsburgh Proof Product to fill your need, whether it be paint, glass, varnish or brushes.

"A Guide to Better Homes" written by an authority on interior decoration. Send 10 cents to Department P, Milwaukee, Wis.

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

GLASS

Manufacturers

PAINT

Paint and Varnish Factories

Milwaukee, Wis. • Newark, N.J.



Varnish

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WE are not so foolish —

As to claim that everything in Scribner's Magazine interests every reader.

Interesting the people is like fooling them.

You can interest some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time. But you can't interest all the people all the time and put out anything worth spending much time on.

But —

William C. deMille stirred up the motion picture public — and the censors, and the critics, and the producers — by his article "Bigoted and Bettered Pictures" in the September number of Scribner's Magazine, now current.

And even in these parlous days of politics, Congressman Charles Browne's article "What's the Matter with Congress?" is creating considerably more than a passing ripple of interest among the voters.

There are, as you know, a number of people who read newspapers. They are interested in what Edward P. Mitchell, former editor of the New York *Sun*, has to say about Charles A. Dana and other figures of the newspaper world.

Russia is a mystery, and Roosevelt is a traveler.

He penetrated the mysterious land and found many readers for his article in the September Scribner's Magazine.

Many people love pictures. But there is neither time nor opportunity to see as many or read as much about them as they would like. A few minutes with Royal Cortissoz this month tells much of the painters who have found inspiration in Venice. Full illustrations.

For the fiction readers there are Galsworthy, McCreedy Huston, Shaw Desmond, and Ruth Robinson Blodgett.

As for the poets — there are thirteen of them in the number.

No. We do not claim that every reader is interested in every single feature.

If you don't vote, don't go to the movies, don't read the newspapers; if you don't like travel, good stories and poetry, perhaps the number won't interest you at all.

In that case, look for the Menacing Number two weeks from now.

But the impression which this September number of Scribner's Magazine is making on the reading world is enough to make us strive to keep up to the mark. Watch the succeeding numbers and buy the September Scribner's Magazine as a sample.